10p

TV COMIC

holiday special

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

A message from the Editor

Dear Reader,

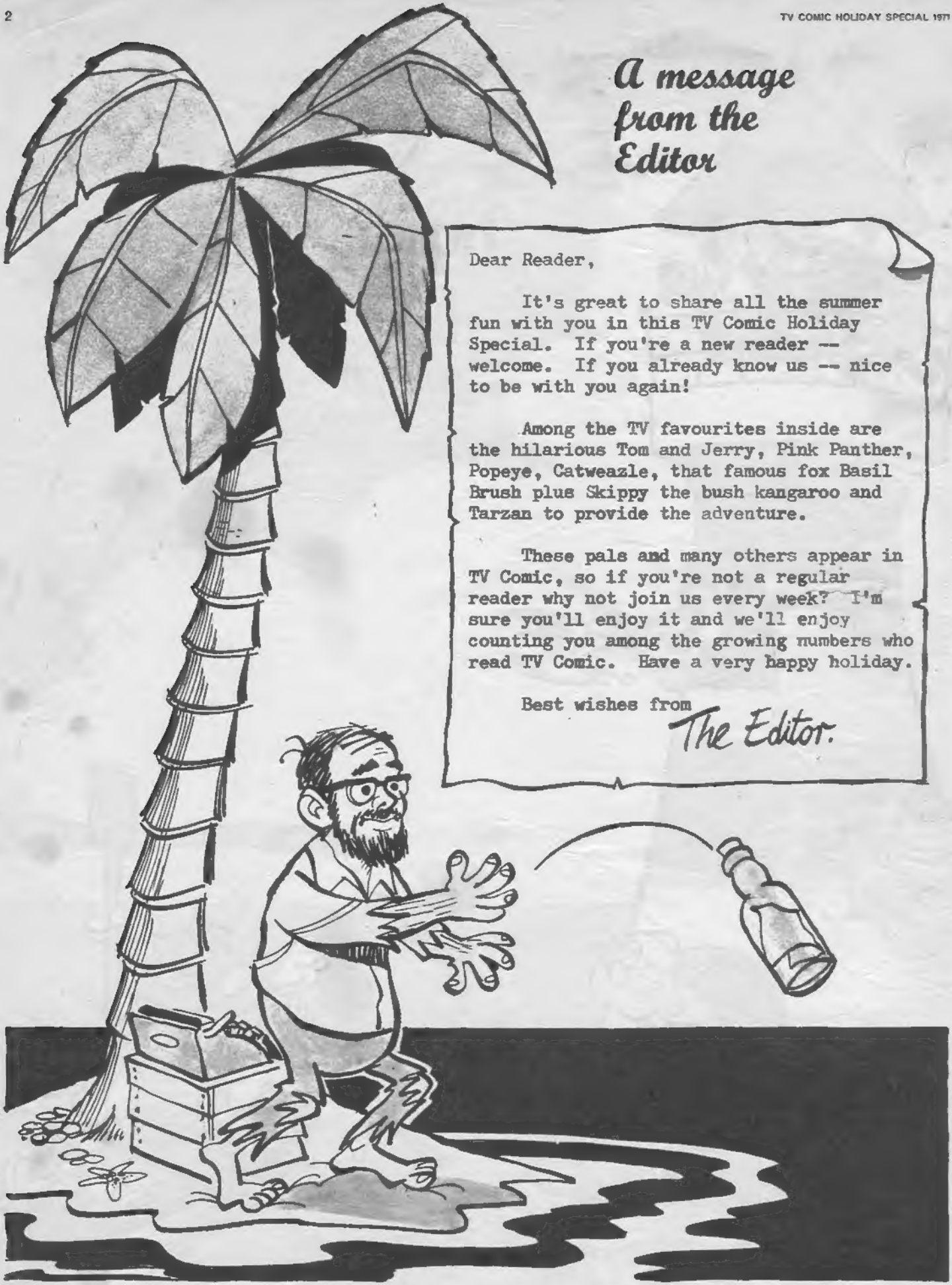
It's great to share all the summer fun with you in this TV Comic Holiday Special. If you're a new reader -- welcome. If you already know us -- nice to be with you again!

Among the TV favourites inside are the hilarious Tom and Jerry, Pink Panther, Popeye, Catweazle, that famous fox Basil Brush plus Skippy the bush kangaroo and Tarzan to provide the adventure.

These pals and many others appear in TV Comic, so if you're not a regular reader why not join us every week? I'm sure you'll enjoy it and we'll enjoy counting you among the growing numbers who read TV Comic. Have a very happy holiday.

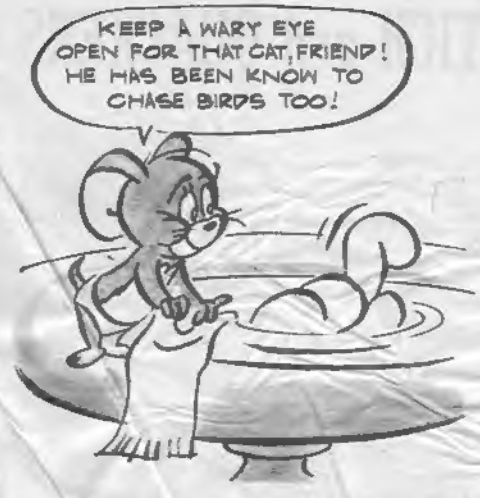
Best wishes from

The Editor.



TV Comic Holiday Special is printed in England by Sun Printers Limited, Watford and London, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., 382-386 Edgware Road, London, W.2. Trade distributors The Argus Press Ltd., 12-18 Paul Street, London, EC2A 4JS. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © Polystyle Publications Ltd., 1971.

TOM and JERRY



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY FRIENDS THE CARROTS, TURNIP AND LEEK TO MENTION BUT A FEW! I'M SURE YOU'D LOVE TO JOIN THEM!
HELP! TOM'S MAKING A MOUSE CASSEROLE!

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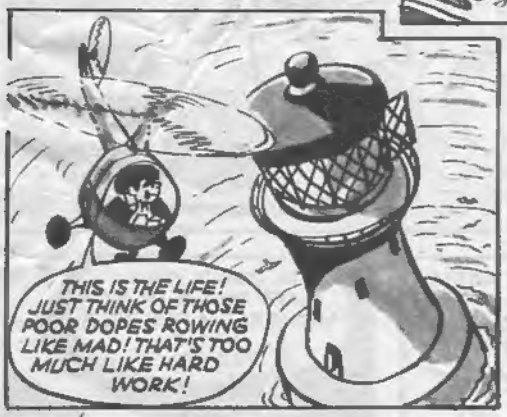
TICH and QUACKERS

IT WAS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, BOY! YOU MIGHT HAVE RUN INTO MY HELICOPTER AND HURT YOURSELF! SNIGGER!
A HELICOPTER??? WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH THAT? GASP!



GRR! HOP IT, YOU YOUNG SCAMP! LEAVE MY HOTHOUSE ALONE!
CRACK!
TOSS!
HELP! WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT POT! YOU'VE HIT THE ROTORS!

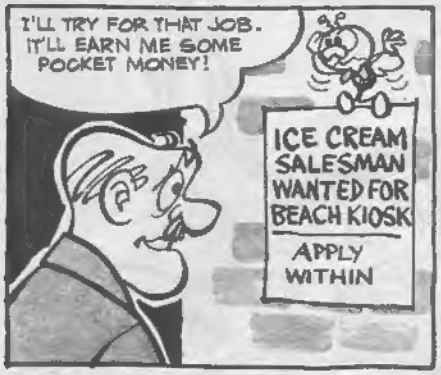
HELP! HELP!
GRRR!
ONE BETTER, QUACKERS? GOSH, THAT'S 96 TRIPS ROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE HE'S DONE ALREADY! HA! HA! HA!
THAT'S OUR PERCY—ALWAYS HAS TO HAVE THE BIGGEST AND BEST OF EVERYTHING! HO! HO!

Based on the BBC TV series 'Tich and Quackers'.

MIGHTY MOTH

IT'S GREAT TO BE ON HOLIDAY! I THINK I'LL BUY AN ICE CREAM!

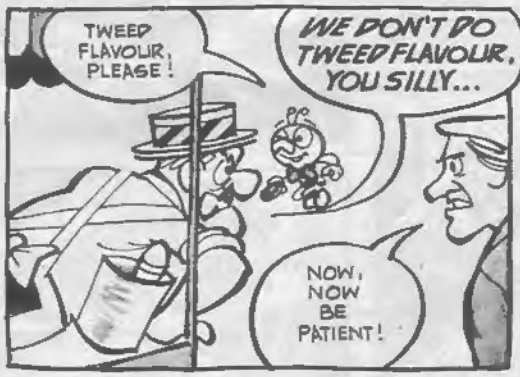
BAH! THAT MOTH'S EATEN A HOLE IN MY POCKET AND ALL MY MONEY HAS GONE!


I'LL TRY FOR THAT JOB. IT'LL EARN ME SOME POCKET MONEY!
ICE CREAM SALESMAN WANTED FOR BEACH KIOSK
APPLY WITHIN

INSIDE... MOST OF OUR CUSTOMERS ARE CHILDREN SO YOU MUST BE VERY PATIENT, KIND AND NEVER LOSE YOUR TEMPER HOWEVER NAUGHTY THEY ARE!
R'S ICE CREAM
ME? LOSE MY TEMPER? NEVER!

I'LL COME AND WATCH YOU TO SEE HOW YOU GET ON!

GRR! LOOK WHO MY FIRST CUSTOMER IS!
4p 5p 6p
WHAT FLAVOUR?


TWEED FLAVOUR, PLEASE!
WE DON'T DO TWEED FLAVOUR, YOU SILLY...
NOW, NOW BE PATIENT!

HEM... WE DON'T DO TWEED FLAVOUR, SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE STRAWBERRY... VANILLA... CHOCOLATE... COFFEE... MINT... ORANGE... BANANA...
YES, PLEASE!

YES PLEASE WHICH ONE?
ALL OF 'EM. IN ONE CORNET!

THERE YOU ARE, YOU... YOU... SIR. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN EAT IT!
OH, I DON'T WANT IT TO EAT...!

...JUST SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR BACK!

YEARGH!
YEOWEE!

YOU LITTLE PEST...! I'LL... I'LL... SPLUTTER!
I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT THE MAN FOR THE JOB!
I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HIM IF YOU LIKE!

NEWS HAS GOT AROUND THAT MIGHTY MOTH IS SELLING ICE CREAM, AND BUSINESS IS BOOMING!
JEALOUS!

The adventures of Edgar Rice Burroughs' TARZAN

IN THE GREAT FORESTS, TARZAN FINDS A TROUBLED NATIVE YOUTH...
WHY DO YOU LOOK SO SAD, DONDO?
I HAVE BEEN BANISHED FROM MY TRIBE, TARZAN - FOR I HAVE NOT PROVED MY MANHOOD AS IS THE ANCIENT CUSTOM.
I FAILED TO CLIMB THE EAGLE HEIGHTS AND TAKE A FEATHER FROM AN EAGLES NEST! I AM A COWARD, TARZAN!
REST EASY, DONDO! I'LL HELP YOU FIND YOUR COURAGE!
BUT THEN...
THAT'S AKAZA, YOUR TRIBE'S WITCHDOCTOR, AND THOSE WARRIORS WITH HIM LOOK READY FOR BATTLE! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?
HE IS ALWAYS MAKING TROUBLE, TARZAN! THERE IS EVEN TALK THAT HE PLOTS AGAINST THE CHIEF!
CHIEF WOMBOLO IS TOO SOFT IN HIS WAYS! WE MUST BE RID OF HIM! THEN I, AKAZA, WILL BECOME CHIEF!
IT SEEMS YOU WERE RIGHT, DONDO!
I WILL NOT LET THEM HARM MY CHIEF!
COME BACK, DONDO! THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR US FIGHT!
TARZAN AND DONDO ARE QUICKLY CAPTURED...
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH OF MY PLANS TO LIVE! WE WILL LEAVE YOU HERE TO THE WILD BEASTS OF THE FORESTS!
IT WILL BE AN EVIL DAY WHEN YOU BECOME CHIEF, AKAZA!

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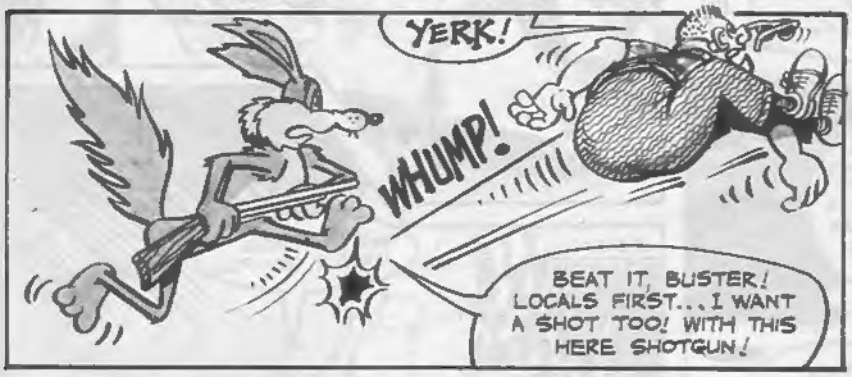
MINUTES AFTER THE WITCHDOCTOR AND HIS MEN HAVE GONE...
THAT RHINO IS GOING TO CHARGE US, TARZAN! WE ARE AT IT'S MERCY!
THE ROOTS OF THIS TREE ARE WEAK! IF I CAN PULL THEM UP IN TIME!
THAT WILL GIVE IT A SORE NOSE! AND THE IMPACT HAS BROKEN MY BONDS!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH STRENGTH AS YOU POSSESS, TARZAN!
TARZAN RELEASES DONDO...
WE MUST STOP AKAZA BEFORE HE REACHES YOUR VILLAGE! THE QUICKEST WAY IS OVER EAGLE HEIGHTS! ARE YOU COMING WITH ME, DONDO?
IF IT IS TO SAVE MY CHIEF, THEN I AM WITH YOU, TARZAN!
SOON...
WE'VE ALMOST MADE IT, DONDO!
THAT'S STOPPED THEM, DONDO!
THE FEAR IS EASIER TO OVERCOME WITH YOU AT MY SIDE, TARZAN!
A LITTLE LATER...
WE ARE TOO LATE, TARZAN! AKAZA AND HIS WARRIORS ARE AT THE VILLAGE!
HELP ME PUSH THIS BOULDER, DONDO!
OOF!
AAGH!
TOM BAKIE
YOU HAVE SAVED MY TRIBE FROM THE EVIL HANDS OF AKAZA, TARZAN! AND HELPED DONDO PROVE HIS MANHOOD BY CLIMBING THE EAGLE HEIGHTS!
BUT I HAVE NOT A FEATHER TO WEAR IN MY HEADBAND AS PROOF! THERE WAS NO TIME TO TAKE ONE FROM A NEST!
HERE IS YOUR PROOF, DONDO! I SNATCHED THIS FEATHER FROM A NEST AS WE PASSED!
NOW I AM TRULY A MAN!

BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER

SAY, OLD-TIMER, WHERE CAN I SEE THIS BEEP-BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER I KEEP HEARING ABOUT, HUH?
BEEP! BEEP!
SOUNDS LIKE BEEP-BEEP COMING NOW, SIR!



YAAAGH!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING, FELLER! YOU COULDN'T GO BACK WITHOUT A SNAPSHOT OF THIS FINE SPECIMEN OF COYOTEHOOD!
I SAY!
BE OFF, WILE E., BACK TO YOUR HAUNTS. IT'S **MY** SNAPSHOT THAT FELLER WANTS!

GRR! YOU INTERFERING ROAD RUNNER! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!
WILE E'S A CLOT WITH THAT TWELVE-BORE. HE COULDN'T HIT A BIG BARN DOOR! BEEP! BEEP!

LET'S SEE HOW *YOU* LIKE IT, FELLER!
HELP! HELP!
GREAT! JUST GREAT! WAIT TILL THE FOLKS BACK HOME SEE THIS!
AT LAST MY CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN SHAKEN — IT'S ALWAYS WILE E'S SNAPS HE'S TAKIN'!

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Spot the difference!

The second picture is different from the first in 10 ways. Can you spot them?

Answers

1. Stripes on ball different. 2. Bar on fence missing. 3. Wing mirror on car missing. 4. No stripes on girl's socks. 5. Handle on frying pan moved. 6. Crossbar on deck chair missing. 7. Top on flask missing. 8. Handle on cup missing. 9. Knife missing. 10. Label on jam jar moved.

PINK PANTHER
MADAME ZIMBA
I SEE YOUR FUTURE
CROSS MY PALM WITH SILVER!
OH! OH DEAR!
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?
WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE YOU WILL BE ATTACKED BY TWO VILLAINS! ONE WITH DARK GLASSES AND MOUSTACHE! NAMED LUKE...
...THE OTHER IS BALD WITH BIG EARS AND NAMED ALF! THEY WILL PINCH YOUR WALLET, TIE YOU UP AND PUT YOU IN THE BOOT OF A CAR!
I CAN SEE THE CAR NUMBER PLATE. IT IS EG 1797D!
MADAME ZIMBA FORTUNE TELLER
I SEE YOUR FUTURE
FAIR
GOT HIM LUKE!
GRAB HIS WALLET ALF!
NOW PUT HIM IN THE BOOT!
EG1727D
BRRRRRRRMMM
WE'LL DUMP HIM HERE!
THAT FORTUNE TELLER IS A LOUSY FAKE - SHE GOT THE NUMBER PLATE WRONG!

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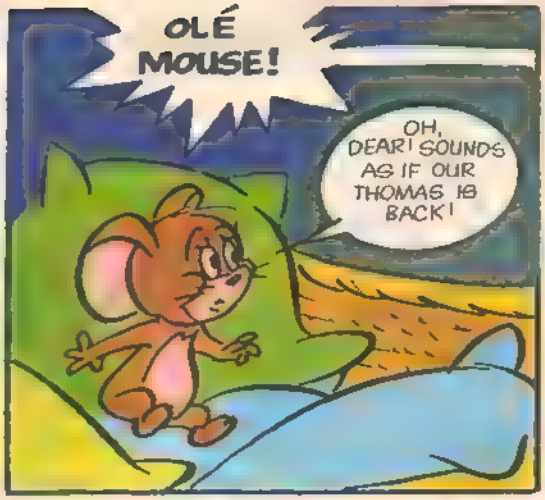
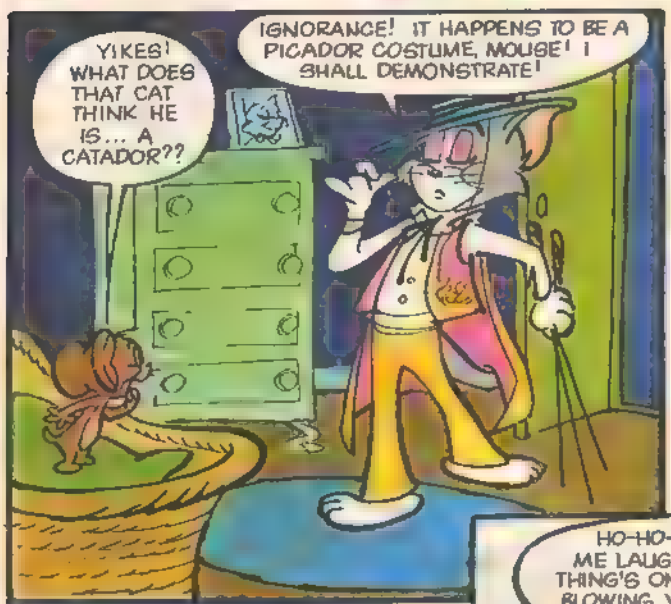
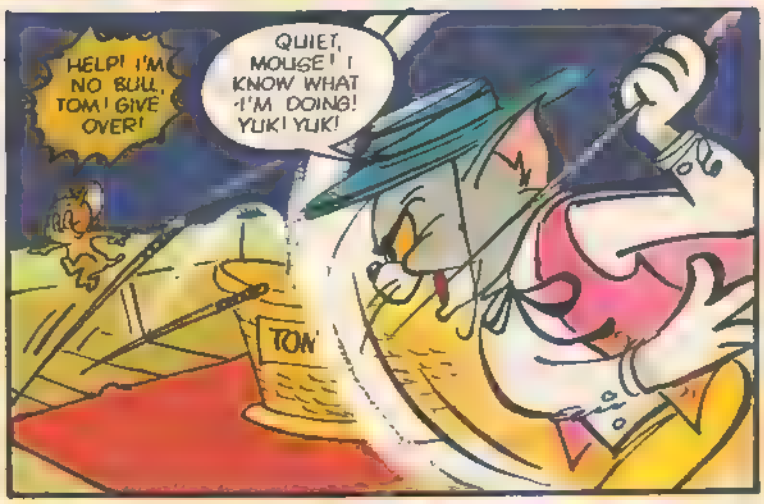
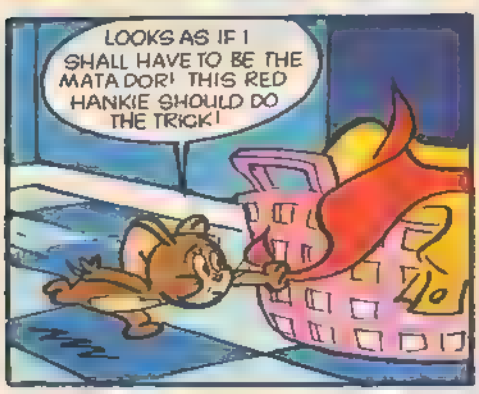
The TV Terrors

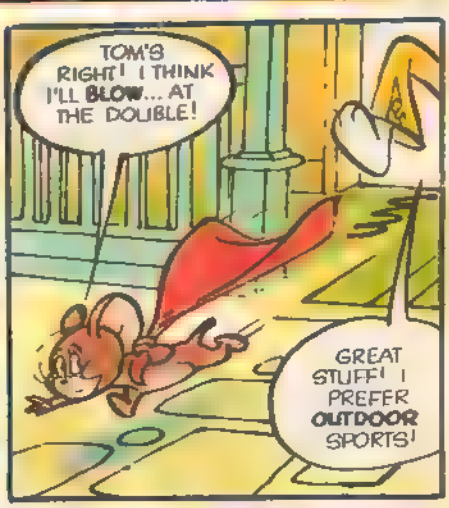
TOM and JERRY

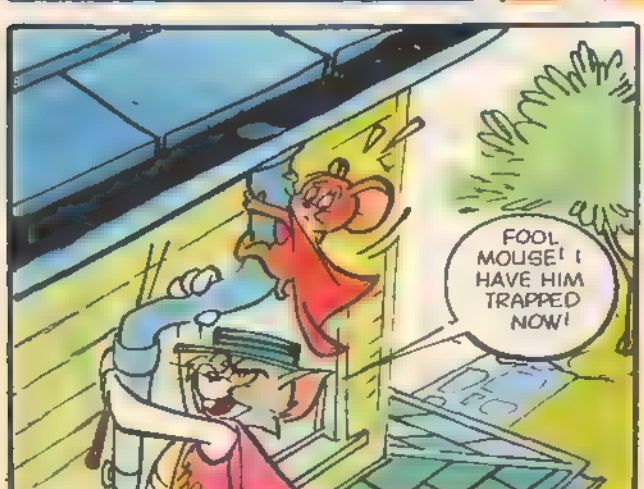


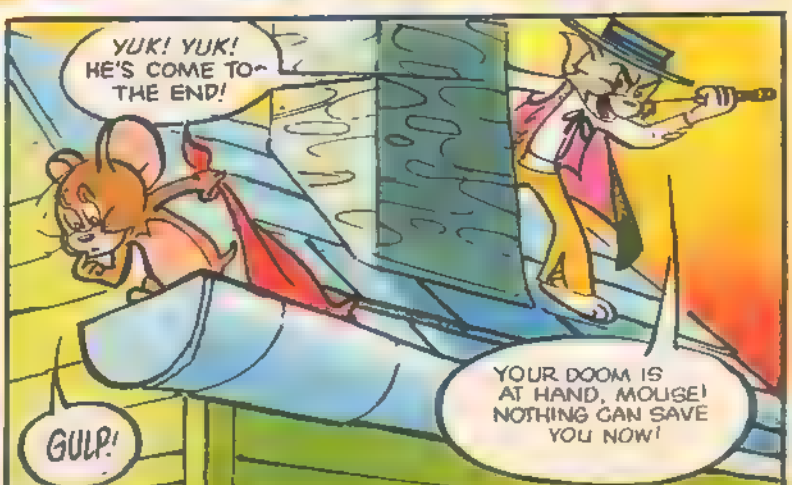












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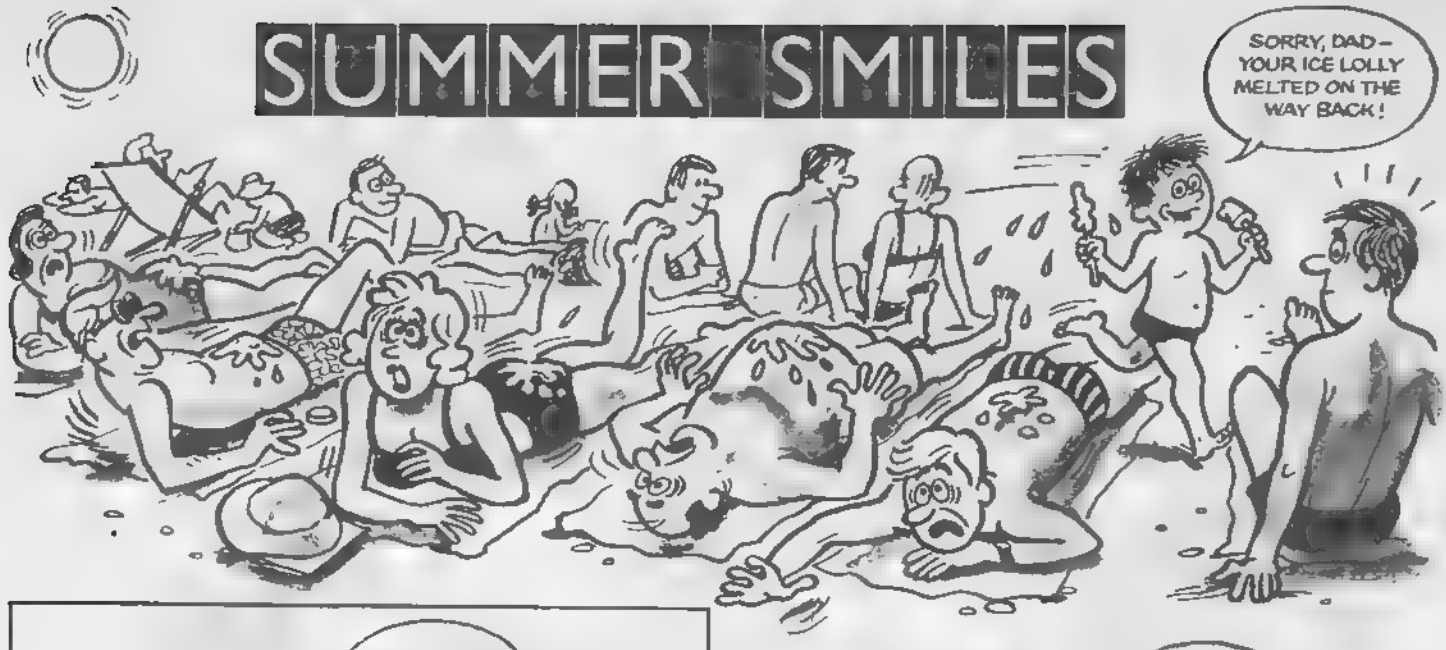
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR HANKIE-PANKY, TOM... BUT I THINK I'LL STAY ONE JUMP AHEAD OF YOU!
HEY!
THEY HAVE FLYING SQUIRRELS.. WHY NOT CATS?
SORRY, BUTCH! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BELOW!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JERRY! I HARDLY FELT IT! YOU'RE ONLY A LITTLE FELLOW!
YAAAARGH!
SIGH! ANOTHER BLOW ON THE NOSE!
WHY, YOU CRUMMY CAT! AND WHAT'S WITH THE FANCY GEAR? GRRR!
WELL... ER... ER... IF YOU WOULD ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN, SIR..
I'M JUST A LITTLE TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOUR EXCUSES, CAT! VERY, VERY, VERY TIRED INDEED!
GULP! WHY NOT SNATCH FORTY WINKS THEN? RIGHT NOW! GULP!
SOMEHOW I THINK THOMAS IS GOING TO NEED THIS!
TOM HAS FOUND HIMSELF A BULL, ANYWAY, A REAL, LIVE, SEETHING MAD BULLDOG!
G-GULP!
CHARGE! GURR!
Bill Tytla

SUMMER SMILES



BASIL BRUSH

LUVVUS, GUV! IT AIN'T 'ALF WARM TODAY! PROPER ROASTER, IT IS!

NOT AS WARM AS IT WAS IN INDIA, OLD BEAN! DO YOU KNOW THAT IT WAS THE HEAT THERE THAT LED TO MY DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY!

I WAS STATIONED AT YIRMUNNI AT THE TIME, AND IT WAS SO HOT THAT WE ALL LOST THE ART OF CONVERSATION ... EVERY TIME WE OPENED OUR MOUTHS WE JUST DRIED UP!

AW, COME OFF IT, GUV!

ANYWAY, IT WAS ON ONE SUCH HOT DAY THAT THE COLONEL SENT ME TO COLLECT A ONE RUPEE DEBT FROM THE RAJAH AT CALCUTTA.... THE RICHEST MAN IN ALL INDIA!

SEE THAT YOU SQUEEZE THAT RUPEE OUT OF THE OLD SKINFLINT, BRUSH! GOOD LUCK!

LEAVE IT TO ME, COLONEL SIR!

HOWEVER, I LOST MY WAY AND SOMEHOW I FOUND MYSELF IN THE VILLAGE OF CALSHTORK:

COR GUV! HOW ON EARTH DID YER MANAGE THAT?

QUITE SIMPLE, CHUMMERS ... I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T TELL CALSHTORK FROM CALCUTTA! *HAW-HAW!*

AW, GUV! LESS OF THE FUNNIES AND ON WIV THE STORY!

WELL, EVENTUALLY, I RECEIVED FRESH DIRECTIONS AND SET OFF AGAIN ... ONLY TO BE SET UPON BY A BAND OF BRIGANDS!

GREAT BABIES! AN AMBUSH!

DO YOU KNOW, THE BOUNDAHS DECIDED TO HOLD ME TO RANSOM AND SENT A NOTE TO THE COLONEL!

TAKE THIS TO THE COLONEL SAHIB ... HE CAN HAVE THE HAIRY ONE BACK FOR 1,000 RUPEES!

CHEEK! I DO THINK I AM WORTH MUCH MORE THAN THAT!

1,000 RUPEES? BY JUPITER, I WOULDN'T GIVE TWOPENCE FOR THE BOUNDAH! YOU CAN KEEP HIM!

ME TELL BOSS, SAHIB!

THAT COLONEL MADE ME MAD! I DECIDED TO ESCAPE AND I HI-JACKED AN ELEPHANT TO GO AFTER THE COLONEL'S BLOOD!

YIRMUNNI ... OR YOUR LIFE, JUMBO!

GULP! YIRMUNNI IT IS, SAHIB! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

AND SO IT WAS THAT I ARRIVED BACK AT OUR BASE CAMP AND WENT TO HAVE IT OUT WITH THE COLONEL!

SO, YOU DON'T THINK I AM WORTH TWOPENCE, COLONEL SIR? YOU DESERVE A BLAST FROM MY GUN FOR THAT!

WELL, ER... ER... MONEY'S A BIT SHORT, BRUSH... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS!

GREAT MOLTEN METAL! THE ... B-BARREL S MELTING IN THE HEAT!

MELT!

AND THAT WAS HOW I WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY ... I SHOT MYSELF IN THE FOOT!

YEEEEAAAGH!

BOOM!

SEE, CHUMMERS? IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY YOU CAN SEE THE SCAR TISSUE!

TISSUE OF LIES IF YER ASK ME, GUV! AND TALKING ABOUT MELTING ... THE LOLLIES HAVE ALL MELTED WHILE YOU WAS RAMBLING ON!

YEEAAGH! THE ICE LOLLIES MELTED? LET ME GET AT HIM!

GULP! SOMEFING TELLS ME *I* MIGHT BE DISCHARGED NOW ... FROM THE GUV NOR'S SERVICE!

MIGHTY MOTH

IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE I DIVED OFF THE HIGH BOARD

WHEN I DID THIS LAST YEAR, MIGHTY MOTH HAD EMPTIED THE POOL AND I WENT CLUNK!

MAYBE HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

I'M NEARLY THERE! I CAN FEEL THE CLUNK ALREADY!

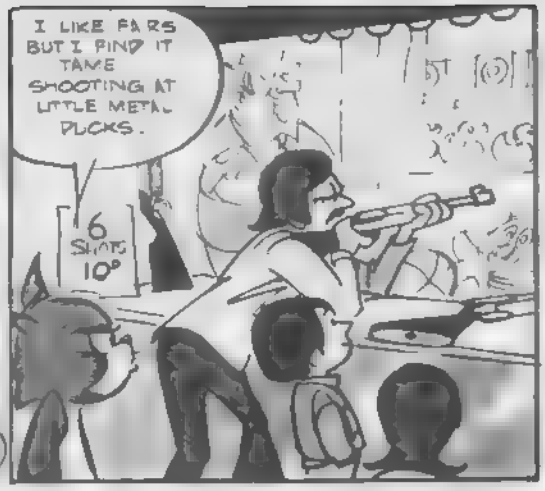
SPLOSH!

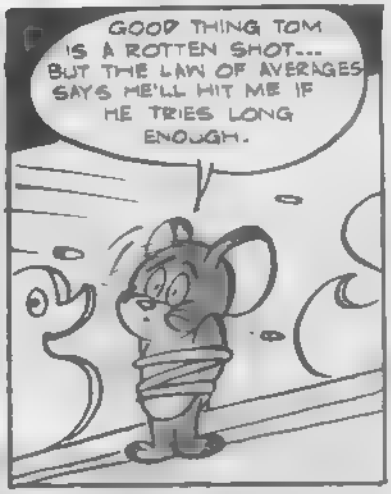
HE HADN'T EMPTIED THE POOL! I'M SAFE!

THAT SHOULD DO IT!

THIS YEAR I'VE DROPPED THE DIVING BOARD ON HIM INSTEAD!
CLUNK!

TOM and JERRY





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SKIPPY and the BIG REDS

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Sonny and Mark, the sons of Chief Ranger Matt Hammond, were very pleased with themselves as they had just completed building a tree-house hideaway in a clump of gum trees and wattle on the far western edge of the game reserve where they lived.

The little log house stood on a platform perched snugly between gnarled branches of an old blue gum some twenty feet above the ground. The foliage of the tree provided almost perfect camouflage, and but for a rope ladder hanging from the platform the house would have been invisible from the ground.

"Sorry, Skippy," said Sonny as he started to climb the ladder after Mark, "but you wouldn't enjoy yourself even if we did manage to haul you up to our house. There's no room up there for you to go hopping about. You'll just have to stay down here."

"Squeak!" protested Skippy, the little four-foot high bush kangaroo, but the boys took no notice and, climbing to the platform, drew up the ladder behind them.

Suddenly, Skippy stiffened. Her head cocked slightly to one side for a moment as she listened intently. Then just as suddenly, she took one of her amazing forty-foot leaps and disappeared swiftly into a thicket of mulga brush.

Mark frowned thoughtfully. "Skippy heard something or someone coming," he said. "That's why she shot off so quickly. Do you think it could be the Big Reds?"

Both boys looked out eagerly over the landscape where low rolling hills covered in coarse grass and scrub gradually merged into brutal tracts of shifting sands and gibber stone that stretched away to the far horizon.

They had built the hideaway in the hope that from it they could observe a 'mob' of over one hundred Red or Plains Kangaroos that had been reported to have moved into the area. The Big Reds, as they are sometimes called, are the seven-foot high giants, the biggest kangaroos in Australia.

Then Sonny heard a noise, but it wasn't the thump of powerful 'roo legs striking the ground. It was the growl of an engine slogging along in low gear.

Next moment they were amazed to see a beachbuggy, towing a small trailer laden with camping gear, come lumbering over the top of a dune and lurch along a rough track that led down into a valley. A young man was at the wheel and a fair-haired girl of about the same age sat beside him.

"Hey!" exclaimed Mark. "Remember what Dad told us? They must be our new neighbours. Let's go and say hallo!"

That morning, Matt Hammond had told them that a young English couple, a Mr. John Hudson and his wife, Sally, would be coming to live at an old disused sheep station called Broken Creek, which was a few miles out in the desert from the edge of the game reserve.

As he spoke, Mark was preparing to lower the rope ladder again, but then Sonny gripped his arm.

"Down there!" he whispered urgently. "Look down there!"

Mark looked and then froze. Three men on horseback rode quietly out of the brush and reined in beneath the branches of the very tree the boys were in. There was something sinister about the way they sat silently watching the beachbuggy lurch away across the desert that made the boys keep quiet.

The man who appeared to be the leader looked curiously out of place. He was small and wore a neat dark suit that was far more suitable for city life than horse riding. The sallow pallor of his skin showed that he rarely saw the sun. His two companions were very different. In wide-brimmed bush hats, travel-stained and faded shirts, moleskin trousers and riding boots, they looked exactly what they were—bushwhackers of the outback. Heavy calibre rifles were strapped to their saddles.

"Good—it won't take them long to reach Broken Creek now," said the leader, and he gave an unpleasant chuckle.

"Bonza," growled one of the big men with him. "Reckon we don't 'ave no rush then, Jacko. They'll be there waitin' for us, eh?"

With that they cantered off, leisurely following the track taken by the beach-buggy.

Sonny and Mark had heard every word that had been said. "What do you make of that?" asked Sonny when the men were out of earshot.

"I don't know," replied Mark in a worried voice, "but I'm sure they're up to no good. I think we ought to warn Mr. and Mrs. Hudson about them—come on!"

A few minutes later the boys were once again on the ground. Sonny took a small whistle from his pocket and blew hard on it. It gave off a strange high-pitched note hardly audible to human ears, but Skippy's sharp ears heard it all right and a few moments later she came bounding out of the bush.

They set off at once, not following the rough track but heading across country; the shortest route on foot to Broken Creek.

It was as they crossed the bed of a dried up gully that Skippy stopped and sniffed carefully at the ground. Then squeaking happily she started bouncing up and down in great excitement.

Mark knelt down and examined the ground. Close inspection showed that a trail had been beaten by the pounding of many hundreds of pairs feet.

"The Reds have been this way and not long ago," he said.

"Eek, eek!" squeaked Skippy and bounced in the air again.

"It's no use getting all worked up about your pals, Skippy," said Sonny. "We haven't got time to go and look for them now. We must hurry on to find the Hudsons."

Reluctantly, Skippy hopped along after the boys as they set off once again.

An hour later, and rather wearily, they breasted a ridge and looked down a desolate sandy slope to Broken Creek. The old homestead and various out-buildings still stood, but long years of neglect had reduced them to little more than crumbling ruins.

"There's no sign of life," said Mark. "Seems as if we've got here before anybody else. Let's go down and take a look."

As they approached, they could see how forelorn the old house really was. Shutters and doors hung crazily from broken hinges. Holes gaped in the walls where planks had rotted and fallen away, and drifting sand encroached remorselessly everywhere.

"Gosh, it does look a spooky old place," said Sonny in a low voice. "It must have been ages since anyone lived here."

"It is," replied Mark. "I believe it was built by some eccentric old character called Pioneer Pete who lived alone here with only the kangaroos for company. It's said he got to know them very well. Anyway, one day he went off exploring into the outback and was never seen again. Nobody has lived here since and—"

Mark broke off abruptly. They had drawn level with the gaping entrance to a large barn. There, inside, stood the beach-buggy and trailer. Behind it three horses were tethered.

"Quickly!" gasped Mark. "Let's keep out of sight till we find out what's happening here!" And with that the trio ducked round the side of the barn.

Cautiously, they worked their way along the wall, but when they reached the corner of the building and peeped round it, they had a shock.

Less than a hundred yards away Mr. Hudson was moving slowly over the ground with arms stretched out before him. In each hand he held a long piece of wire bent into the shape of the letter L, with the long part pointing forward. Behind him slouched one of the big men with a rifle in his hands that pointed straight at Mr. Hudson's back.

"Eek," Skippy squeaked softly, because she did not like rifles.

"Be quiet!" whispered Sonny. "What

are they doing, Mark? I don't like it."

"I think Mr. Hudson is trying to detect water or metal under the earth," replied Mark. "I've read about the strange gift some people have for being able to do it. When he gets near metal or water those rods he is holding will swing together all by themselves. It's called divining, but I don't think anyone can really explain how it works."

Then suddenly a dark shadow fell across them and they spun round. Behind them stood the other big man. He too had a rifle in his hands and there was an ugly smile on his face.

"I don't know where you kids came from," he growled, "but it don't pay to stick your noses in where they don't belong. Now git movin' to the house!"

As they started to move Skippy made one of her amazing leaps. The man threw up his rifle and fired, but the little kangaroo was still sailing through the air and the bullet went wide. Before he could trigger off another shot she had vanished from sight.

The noise brought the leader of the gang hurrying from the house.

"Caught these perishin' kids snooping around, Jacko," said the big man. "They had a little 'roo with 'em but it got away."

"Never mind their pesky 'roo," snarled the man called Jacko. "That little critter can't do us any harm. Tie these two up and get them into the house!"

The big man fetched a length of strong cord and firmly bound the boys' wrists behind them, and then hustled them into the house.

With a volent shove he sent them reeling into a derelict room. The door slammed behind them and a bolt gave a screech of rusty protest as it was thrust home.

In one corner of the room sat Sally Hudson, firmly bound to a chair. She looked pale and very badly frightened.

"Hallo, Mrs. Hudson," said Mark with as cheerful a smile as he could manage. "We're neighbours of yours, but I'm afraid we didn't pick a very good time to come and introduce ourselves." And he went on to explain exactly what had happened.

"I'm sorry you've got mixed up in this," said Mrs. Hudson. "I'm afraid you're in as much trouble as we are now."

"If you could tell us what the men are after," suggested Mark, "perhaps we might be able to think of some way to help you."

"Well," said Mrs. Hudson. "It all began when my husband inherited this place. You see, originally it was built by his great-great-grandfather in 1870, but none of his family have troubled to come here since."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Sonny. "Would Mr. Hudson's great-great-grandfather have been the man they called Pioneer Pete?"

"That's right." Mrs. Hudson laughed softly. "And quite an odd character he was by all accounts. Anyway, we came out from England and visited a solicitor called Jackson, who was handling the matter for us, in Sydney. He gave us the deeds to this place and we came on out here. But as you've seen, Mr. Jackson followed us."

"That man out there, the leader they call Jacko—he's your solicitor?" gasped Mark.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Hudson. "He's trying to make my husband discover the gold he believes is out there somewhere."

"Gold!" exclaimed the two boys together.

"Yes, it seems that long ago great-great-grandfather Pete went into town one day very excitied and announced he'd struck it rich. He collected some supplies, but a day or two after that he disappeared and was never seen again. I believe people came searching for his gold but it was never found and the secret died with him."

"One thing I don't understand," said Mark, "is why Jackson thinks Mr. Hudson can find the gold now when everybody else failed to all those years ago?"

"Because, perhaps rather foolishly, we told him that my husband had also inherited the gift of divining from his great-great-grandfather."

"I see," said Mark thoughtfully. "Of course, you didn't know Jackson was a crook then, but now he believes Mr. Hudson will be able to find the gold just as his great-great-grandfather did before him."

"That's what they're doing out there now, and we're helpless to stop them," sighed Mrs. Hudson.

"Cheer up," said Sonny. "We may be able to do something. Mark, can you manage to get the whistle out of my pocket?"

After a few minutes struggling the whistle was out and Sonny got it in his mouth. As he blew, Mark explained how the high pitched note would fetch Skippy, and she would go to bring help.

They waited and waited, expecting at any moment to see the little kangaroo's face pop up at the window, but she did not come and their hearts sank.

"Perhaps that shot scared her so much that she's too frightened to come back here," said Mark at length.

Loyally, Sonny sprang to her defence at once. "She wouldn't just leave us no matter what—"

He got no further as at that moment the door banged open and Jackson stood framed in the doorway.

"Your husband reckons he's found old Pete's gold," he said. "For your sakes, I hope he's right. Anyway, you can all come out and watch while we dig it up."

He released Mrs. Hudson from the chair, but they still had their hands tied behind them when they were led out and joined Mr. Hudson behind the barn.

The big men laid their rifles to one side and started to dig. Tensely, everybody watched as their shovels bit deep into the ground and within a few minutes they had dug out a large hole.

Then, suddenly, something startling happened. From the bottom of the hole a fountain of crystal clear water shot up high into the air and cascaded sparkling onto the parched soil.

The big men stumbled back to escape the deluge and Mr. Hudson laughed.

Jackson rounded on him in a flash "This is no joke," he snarled. "It was old Pete's gold I told you to find!"

"I have," said John Hudson in a voice that had suddenly gone hard and cold. "But you still don't understand, do you? My great-great-grandather wasn't a greedy man like you. When he said he'd struck it rich he meant he'd found fresh water, lots of it, and with water he could make the desert bloom—to him that was better than any gold."

"You're lying!" Jackson blazed. "I'm going to—"

He never finished that sentence. His mouth stayed open and his eyes bulged.

They all turned to see what he was staring at. Coming towards them rapidly was a swirling cloud of dust and from it came a heavy thumping as if many hard feet were pounding the ground.

"Skippy!" yelled Sonny. "Look, she's come back!" Sure enough, Skippy came bounding out of the cloud as fast as her little legs could thrust her along.

But it was the big shapes looming in the mist behind her that struck terror into the hearts of Jackson and his men.

"The Reds!" gasped Mark. "Skippy's brought the Big Reds to help us!"

The huge kangaroos came leaping out of the cloud of dust they had raised with their speed. One of the men snatched up his rifle but he was too late. A giant 'roo, looking just like a heavyweight boxer, slammed a right paw under the man's jaw and he went down as if pole-axed. Jackson and the other bushwhacker tried to run for it, but they too suffered the same fate.

The 'roos never paused. Leaving the three villians unconscious on the ground, they went leaping on their way and disappeared again out into the desert.

Squeaking with delight, Skippy nibbled through Sonny's bonds and soon they were all free.

"Guess we owe you boys and Skippy more than we can ever repay," said John Hudson, "but right now I'll run you home and hand over our three visitors here to the police to see if they can be cured of their gold fever."

Sonny and Mark had a great tale of adventure to tell Matt Hammond and Jerry King when they were back in the game reserve once again, and their reward came in the months that followed.

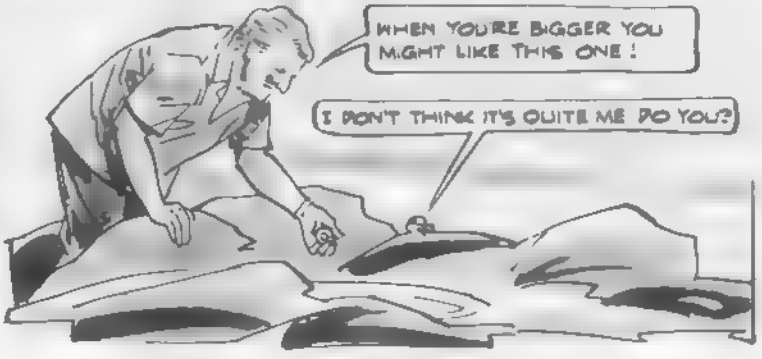
It was to go and visit Mr. and Mrs. Hudson and watch their work of making the desert bloom just as old Pioneer Pete had always wanted it to.

As for Skippy—when the boys sit up in their hideaway they often see her skip quietly away over the desert on her way to visit her friends—The Big Reds.

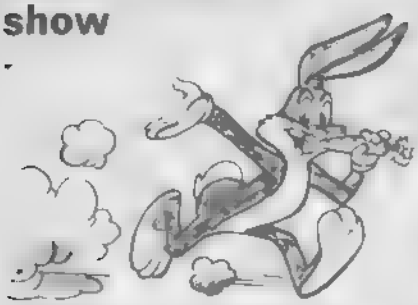
ANIMAL MAGIC

by Johnny Morris

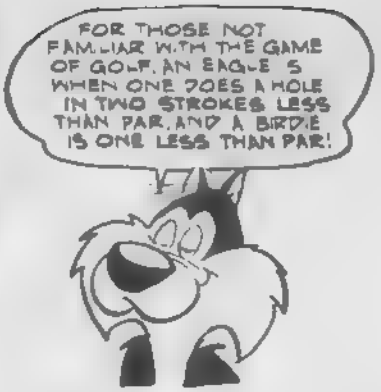
Sometimes when I'm on holiday I go to see what I can find in the pools in the rocks. You can find sea anemones, hermit crabs and little shrimps.



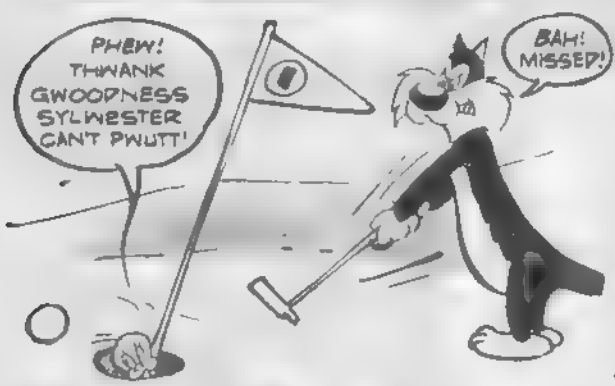
The BUGS BUNNY show



PLAYED WELL TODAY, HANK.. I ESPECIALLY LIKED THAT EAGLE!
FRAD I COULD ONLY MANAGE A BIRDIE.
GOLF' BY GOSH ..THAT COULD BE A SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEMS!


FOR THOSE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE GAME OF GOLF, AN EAGLE IS WHEN ONE GOES A HOLE IN TWO STROKES LESS THAN PAR, AND A BIRDIE IS ONE LESS THAN PAR!

HWELP! SYLWESTER'S GOING TO BLOW ME UP!
HEAR THAT TICK-TOCK? IT COMES FROM A TIME BOMB IN THE BALL! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DROP IT IN THE HOLE AND... BOOM!
TICK TOCK



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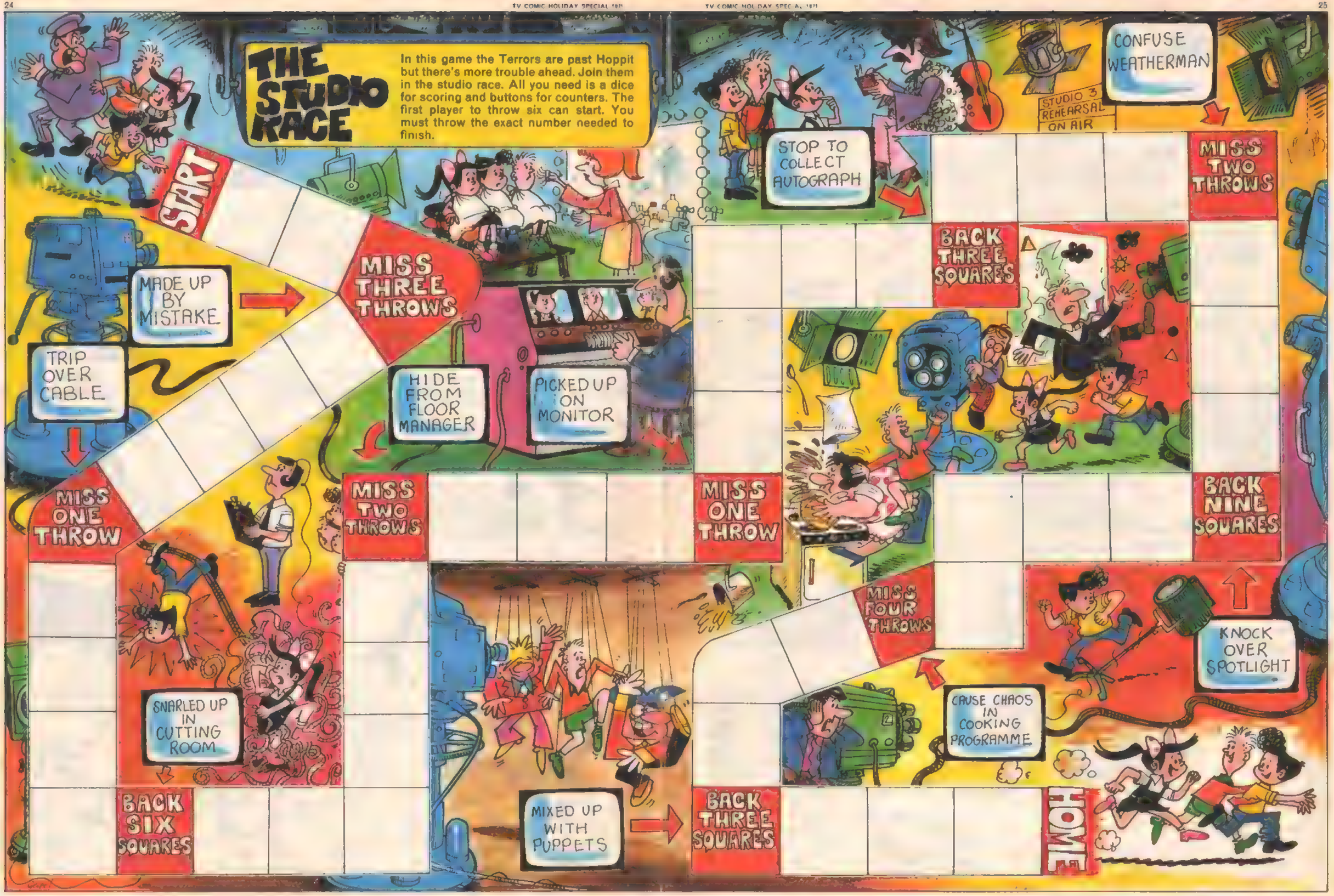
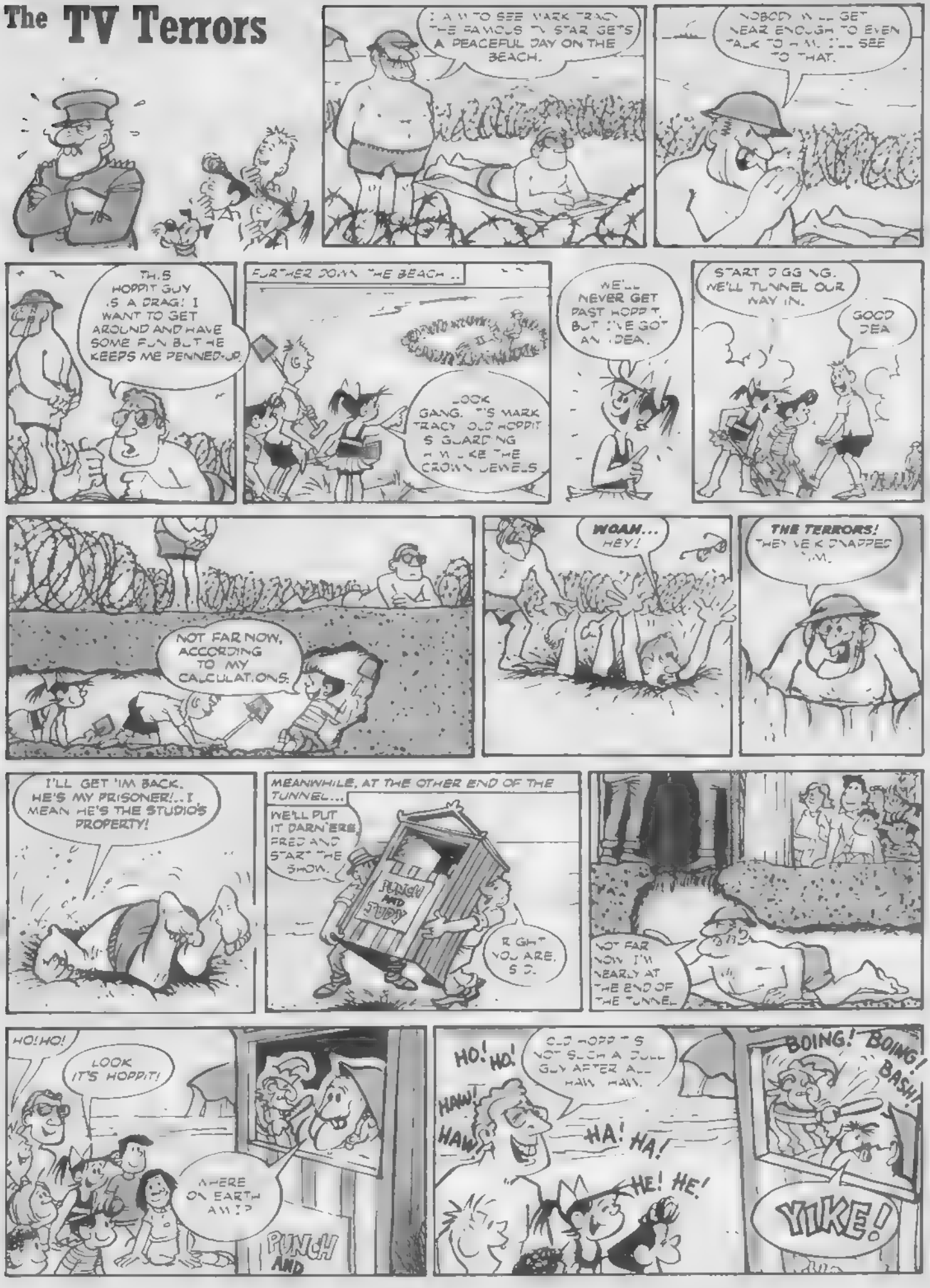
THE STUDIO RACE

In this game the Terrors are past Hoppit but there's more trouble ahead. Join them in the studio race. All you need is a dice for scoring and buttons for counters. The first player to throw six can start. You must throw the exact number needed to finish.



The TV Terrors


I AM TO SEE MARK TRACY THE FAMOUS TV STAR GETS A PEACEFUL DAY ON THE BEACH.
NOBODY WILL GET NEAR ENOUGH TO EVEN TALK TO HIM. I'LL SEE TO THAT.
THIS HOPPIT GUY IS A DRAG! I WANT TO GET AROUND AND HAVE SOME FUN BUT HE KEEPS ME PENNED-UP.
FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH ..
LOOK GANG. IT'S MARK TRACY. OLD HOPPIT IS GUARDING HIM LIKE THE CROWN JEWELS.
WE'LL NEVER GET PAST HOPPIT, BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
START DIGGING. WE'LL TUNNEL OUR WAY IN.
GOOD IDEA
NOT FAR NOW, ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS.
WOAH... HEY!
THE TERRORS! THEY'VE KIDNAPPED HIM.
I'LL GET 'IM BACK. HE'S MY PRISONER!.. I MEAN HE'S THE STUDIO'S PROPERTY!
MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL...
WE'LL PUT IT DARN'ERE, FRED AND START THE SHOW.
PUNCH AND JUDY
RIGHT YOU ARE, S.D.
NOT FAR NOW I'M NEARLY AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
HO! HO!
LOOK IT'S HOPPIT!
WHERE ON EARTH AM I?
PUNCH AND
HO! HO!
OLD HOPPIT'S NOT SUCH A DULL GUY AFTER ALL HAW HAW.
HAW! HAW!
HA! HA!
HE! HE!
BOING! BOING! BASH!
YIKE!

TOM and JERRY
I'M DOING MYSELF A GOOD DEED... PUTTING A FEW MILES BETWEEN MYSELF AND TOM FOR A FEW DAYS.
SIGH! THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE COUNTRYSIDE... AND NO TOM TO SPOIL IT!
THAT'S WHAT THAT MOUSE THINKS! GUESS WHO'S HERE?
REAL CONSIDERATE OF THAT MOUSE TO BRING A TENT ALONG!
YELP!
HEH-HEH! I'LL JUST COOK HIM LIKE A SUET PUDDING... ALL READY WRAPPED UP IN IT'S LITTLE CLOTH BAG.
BAH! TOM'S BAGGED ME AT LAST!
AS SOON AS THE WATER BOILS I CAN START COOKING THAT MOUSE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT. ALL GOOD BOY SCOUTS ARE NEVER WITHOUT THEIR SCOUT KNIFE!
I'M OFF... HALLO WHAT'S THAT BUZZING?
I THINK I'LL SET THINGS BUZZING FOR THAT CAT!
NEARLY BOILING NOW! YUK! YUK!
AND TOM WOULD BE BOILING TOO IF HE KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING!
RIGHT! IN YOU GO, MOUSE! I GUESS TEN MINUTES SHOULD BE ENOUGH!
I'LL GIVE IT LESS THAN THAT!
YE-ERK! MICE DON'T BUZZ: THEY SQUEAK!
BZZ BZZ
AAGH! HELP!
WE'LL TEACH HIM!
IT'S SAD FOR TOM, STUNG AGAIN!

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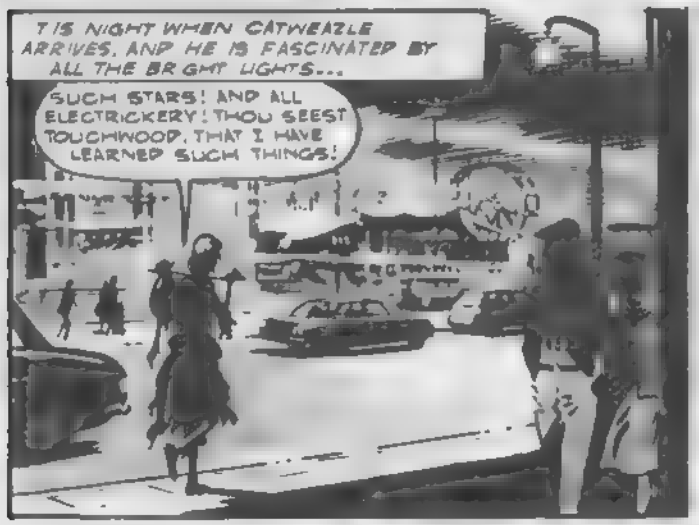
CATWEAZLE


'TIS NIGHT WHEN CATWEAZLE ARRIVES, AND HE IS FASCINATED BY ALL THE BRIGHT LIGHTS...
SUCH STARS! AND ALL ELECTRICKERY! THOU SEEST TOUCHWOOD, THAT I HAVE LEARNED SUCH THINGS!

MOST OF THE LIGHTS ARE IN A FAIRGROUND SO THITHER CATWEAZLE MAKES HIS WAY...
VERILY 'TIS WIZARDRY! IT MAKETH NIGHT LIKE DAY!
CIRCUS AND FUN FAIR

SUDDENLY, A STALL-HOLDER TRIES TO ATTRACT CATWEAZLE'S CUSTOM.
HERE Y ARE, GENTS TRY YER LUCK ON THE RINGS.. ANYTHING THE RING FALLS OVER YOU WIN.
HOGSNORTS WHAT'S THIS?

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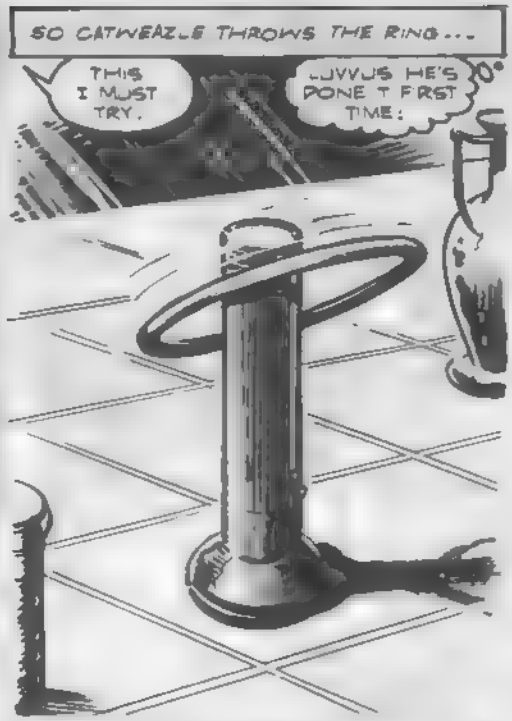
GOOD MORROW, MASTER... WILT EXPLAIN THIS MAGIC...?
A GAME SKI
LIKE I SAID, CHUM... YOU THROW THE RING ON THE TABLE, AND WIN A PRIZE... HAVE A GO FREE!


SO CATWEAZLE THROWS THE RING...
THIS I MUST TRY.
LUVVUS HE'S DONE T FIRST TIME!

IT'S EASY, MATE, YOU JUST PRESS THIS BUTTON, AN' THAT SWITCHES IT ON!
NOW THOU GIVEST ME MY OWN ELECTRICKERY... NOW I AM ONE WITH THE STARS...

SO AS HE WALKS ALONG THE PROMENADE...
'TIS TRULY MAGIC AND 'TIS MINE, TOUCHWOOD.. SEE THOU, HOW IT RESPONDS TO MY TOUCH!
URK.
Amusements
SEA VIEW HOTEL
FISH

BUT CATWEAZLE MAKES A MISTAKE... HE FLASHES THE TORCH IN THE EYES OF A LORRY DRIVER...
YAY, TWILL EVEN STOP A DEMON ON WHEELS.
SCREECH!

WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? TRYING TO BLIND ME ON THE ROAD? I'D LIKE TO CARVE YOU UP.
'TIS THE DEMON HIMSELF!

DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN, MATE, OR YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE!
'TIS ALL STRANGE TO ME TOUCHWOOD, NEVER SHALL I UNDERSTAND THESE PEOPLE!
LATER, ALONG THE CLIFFS...
'TIS BETTER HERE, TOUCHWOOD.. HERE IS PEACE.. AND I CAN USE MY ELECTRICKERY.
OUT AT SEA...
THAT'S THE SIGNAL... WE CAN RUN HER IN...
OKAY, CHIEF, I'LL GET THE BOAT OUT!
SO....
NEARLY THERE NOW, JIM... LIGHT'S STILL FLASHING...
YES, SEEMS TO HAVE MOVED ALONG A BIT THOUGH... HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT...
THE SMUGGLERS LAND ON THE BEACH...
HOPE THE GANG'S HERE TO COLLECT THEM...
WELL WE HAD THE SIGNAL!
SUDDENLY....
LOOK-OUT, CHIEF IT'S A TRAP...
DURN IT WHO GAVE THAT SIGNAL?
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR SMUGGLING CONTRABAND... ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE TAKEN DOWN AND MAYBE USED IN EVIDENCE...
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS... WHO SENT THAT PHONEY SIGNAL?

MUST BE ONE OF OUR CHAPS...GOOD GUY, ANYWAY...HE'S HELPED US TO CAPTURE THIS LOT!
SHOULD WE GIVE HIM A REWARD SIR?
YES SIR WE'VE CAUGHT THEM ALL, THANKS TO SOME CHAP WHO GAVE A FALSE SIGNAL... MY SERGEANT THINKS HE SHOULD
'TIS MORE MAGIC.. ANOTHER STRANGE MACHINE.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASS STANCE SIR... MY SUPER WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE AS A REWARD?
THINKEST THOU I COULD HAVE THAT TALKING MACHINE?
WHAT THIS? NO SIR ...ER... BUT WE HAVE AN OLD TRANSISTER YOU COULD HAVE. IT PLAYS POPS... AND ER... MUSIC YOU KNOW...
SO... ON THE WAY HOME...
'TIS WONDROUS MAGIC, TOAD... WE HAVE MUSIC WHILE WE WALK... AND STILL I HAVE ELECTRICKERY....
WURK!
TOUCHWOOD, METHINKS THIS POP 20TH MAKE THEE HOP... BUT WHAT OF MY ELECTRICKERY? TIS ALL GONE, ALAS, AND THOU KNOWEST NOW THAT CANDLES BE BEST...

POPEYE
OH ME, OH MY, POPEYE ISN'T PEACEFUL ON THE RIVER JUST LETTING THE WORLD GO BY?
YEAH AND IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL BE SEEIN SOMETHIN ELSE GO BY SHORTLY!
ZZZZZZ
JUST LISTEN TO THE BUZZING OF THE BEES!
THEM AIN'T NO BEES A BUZZIN AND IT'S TIME WE NUZ BUZZIN TOO
HEY! WATCH WHO YOU'RE SPLASHIN'!
HAW-HAW YOU BET I AM!
ZZZZZ
YOU DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR TIME WITH M. COME AND HAVE FUN WITH ME!
HAW-HAW WHAT A PUSH OVER NOW TO PUSH OFF.
GLUBBLE!
SOMETIMES HE GOES TOO FAR SO HELP ME!
I'LL TEACH HIM TO SEND ME OVERBOARD? WITH HIS OL'BOARD?
HAW-HAW!
OUTTA MY WAY, FOLKS. I'VE JUST GOT SOME CATCHIN UP TO DO!
I'M NOT ENJOYING THIS ONE BIT. I WISH I WAS STILL WITH POPEYE.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL SMITTEN BY THAT GUY.
YEAH! AND NOW YOU'RE SMITTEN BY ME TOO. ARF-ARF!
WHAP!
LOOKS LIKE I'M ABOUT TO SAVE YOU ONCE AGIN JUST IN THE NICK O' TIME.
I DUNNO WHY 'TIS WITH THAT GUY BUT HE ALLUS SEEMS TO END UP LANDIN' IN TROUBLE
TIME.

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BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER

NOW YOU KNOW! YOU'RE A TOUGH OLD BIRD, SO I THOUGHT I'D BOIL YOU BEFORE ROASTING.
HOT SPRINGS
SSSS
HISS
FOUL THINGS ARE HOT SPRINGS: GULP!
ONE LAST REQUEST I'D LIKE TO MAKE. A PADDLE I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE!

A PADDLE! YOU'VE GONE POTTY, BIRD! YOU CAN'T PADDLE IN BOILING WATER!!
I COULD, AND WOULD, IF YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO PASS ME THAT PIECE OF WOOD!

YOU TRULY ARE ONE OF THE BEST— YOU'VE GRANTED A BIRD'S LAST REQUEST!
CUT THE FLATTERY— THAT WON'T SAVE YOU, ROAD RUNNER!
BURBLE! THAT BIRD'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! IT'S ME WHO NEEDS A HOLIDAY!

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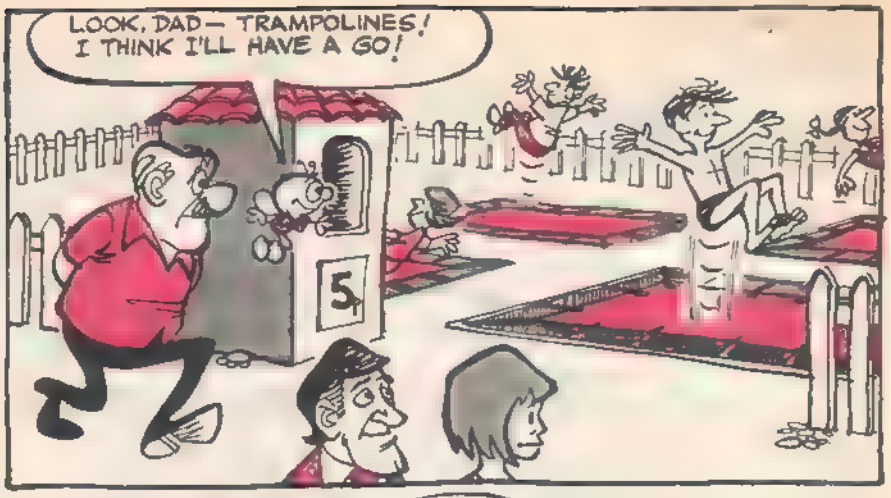
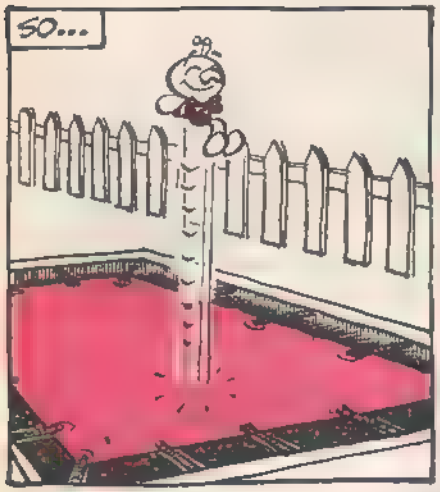
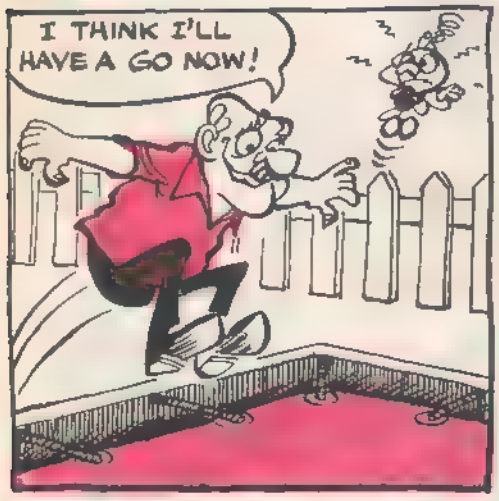
MIGHTY MOTH

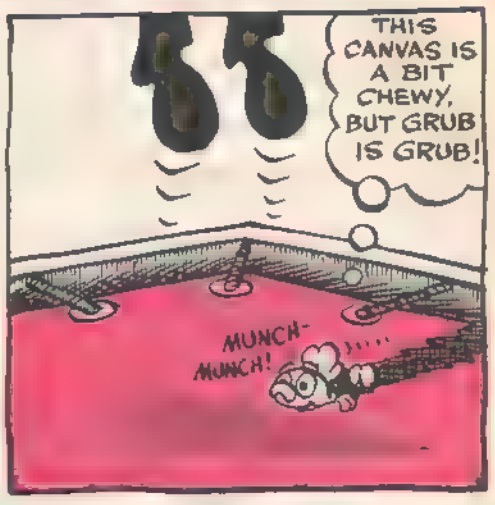

LOOK, DAD— TRAMPOLINES! I THINK I'LL HAVE A GO!
5

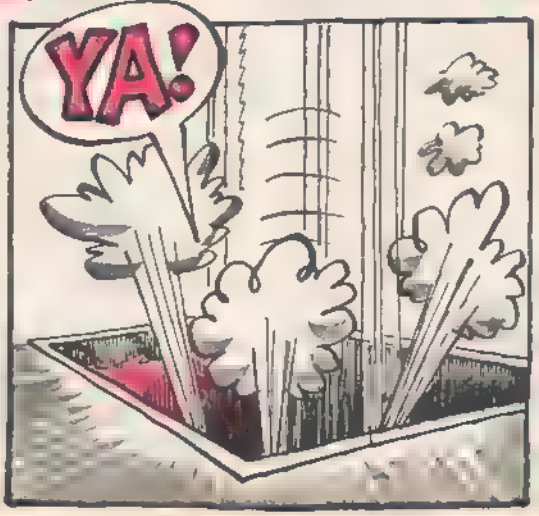

SO...

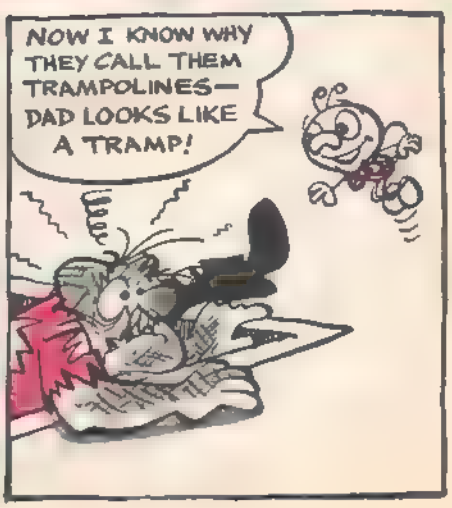
CLUNK!

HO! HO! HO!
CLUNK! CLONK! CLUNK! CLONK!

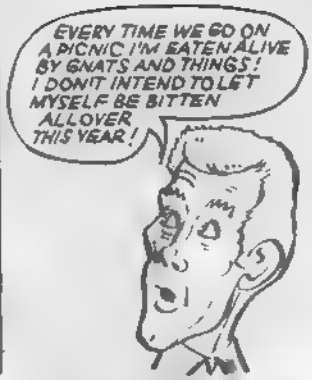

I THINK I'LL HAVE A GO NOW!


THIS CANVAS IS A BIT CHEWY, BUT GRUB IS GRUB!
MUNCH-MUNCH!


YA!


NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL THEM TRAMPOLINES— DAD LOOKS LIKE A TRAMP!

TICH and QUACKERS

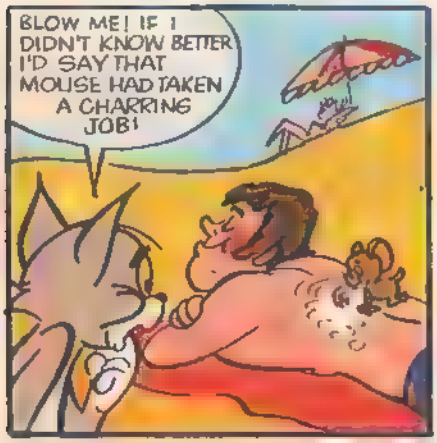


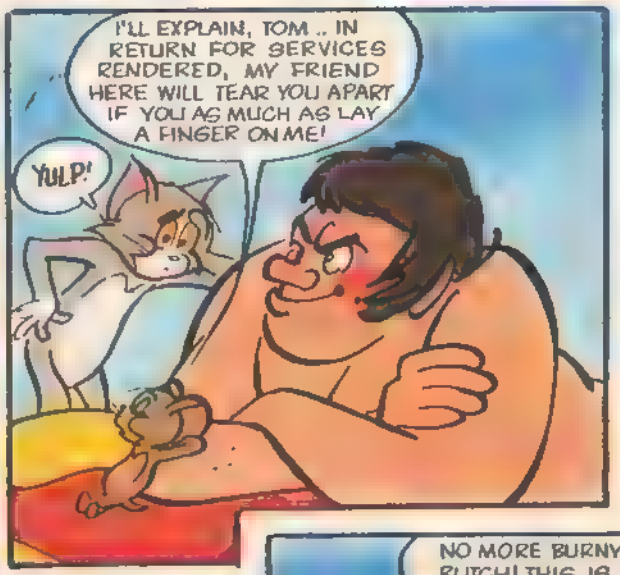
SWISH!
BZZ-Z!
SWIPE!
BZZZ
WE'LL HELP THAT POOR DUMB ANIMAL, QUACKERS! THE FLIES ARE GIVING HER AN AWFUL TIME!
WOW! A COW! NO WONDER I DIDN'T GUESS!

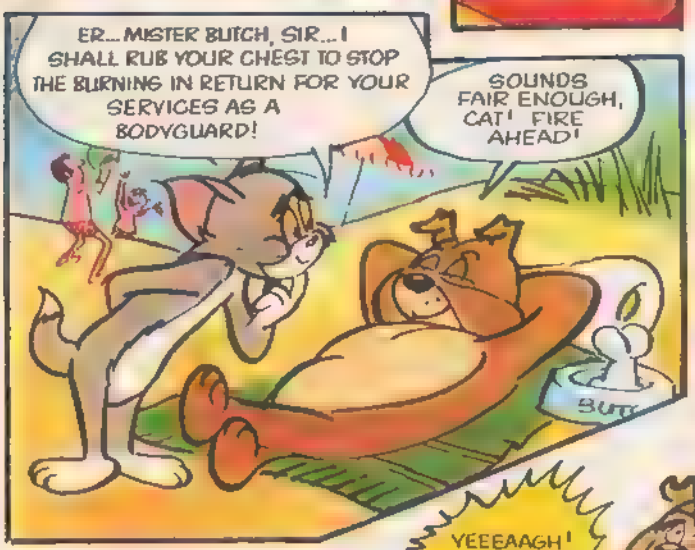
HO! HO! MOO! HO!
HELP! IT'S NOT OUR FAULT, RAY! IF YOU'D LEFT THAT SWATTER AT HOME, ALL YOU WOULD HAVE IS A FEW BITES... NOT A LOAD OF BRUISES!
GRR! I KNOW SOMEONE ELSE WHO'S GOING TO HAVE A FEW BRUISES!!!
GULP! RUN FOR IT, TICH!

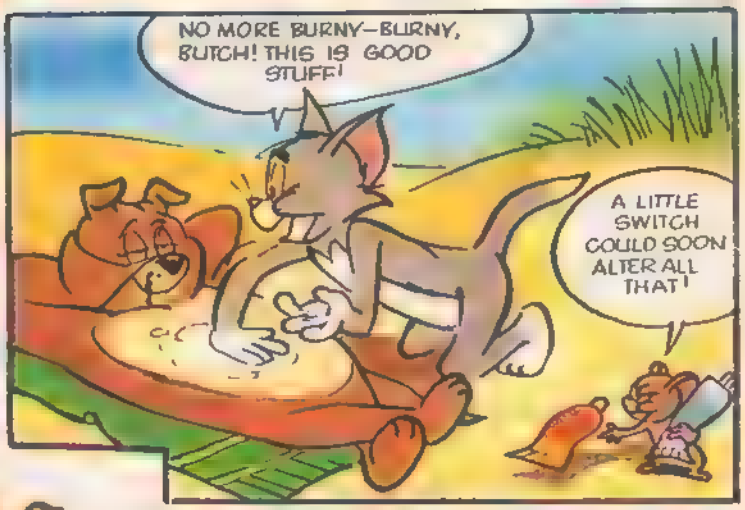
Based on the BBC TV series 'Tich and Quackers'.

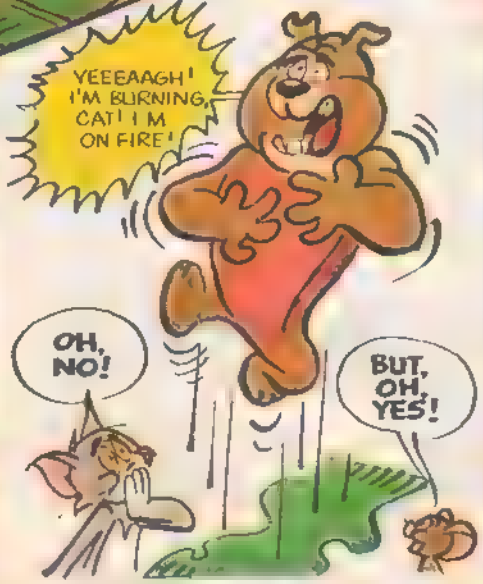
TOM and JERRY

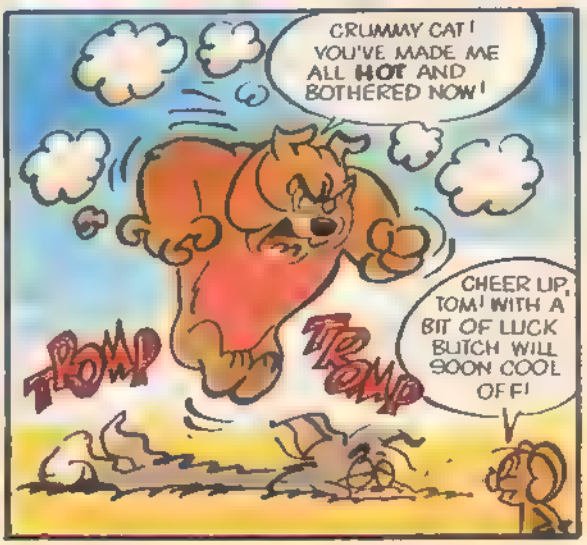





ER... MISTER BUTCH, SIR... I SHALL RUB YOUR CHEST TO STOP THE BURNING IN RETURN FOR YOUR SERVICES AS A BODYGUARD!
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH, CAT! FIRE AHEAD!







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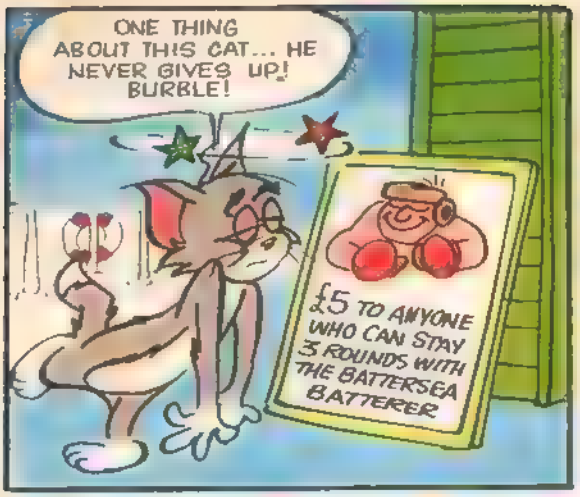
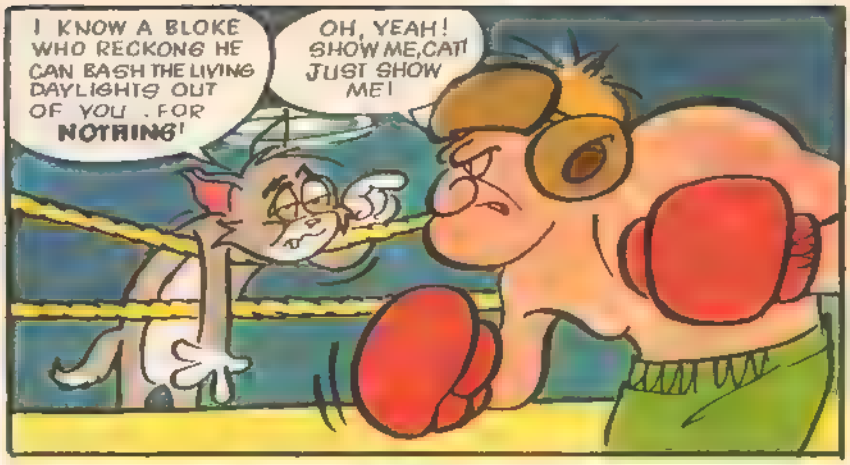
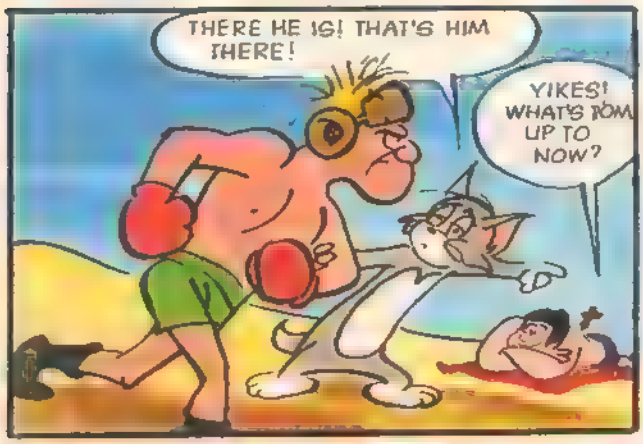
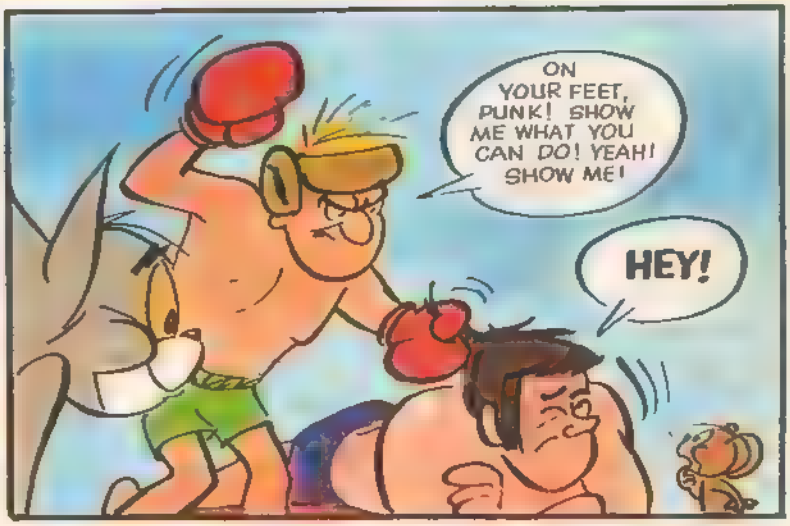
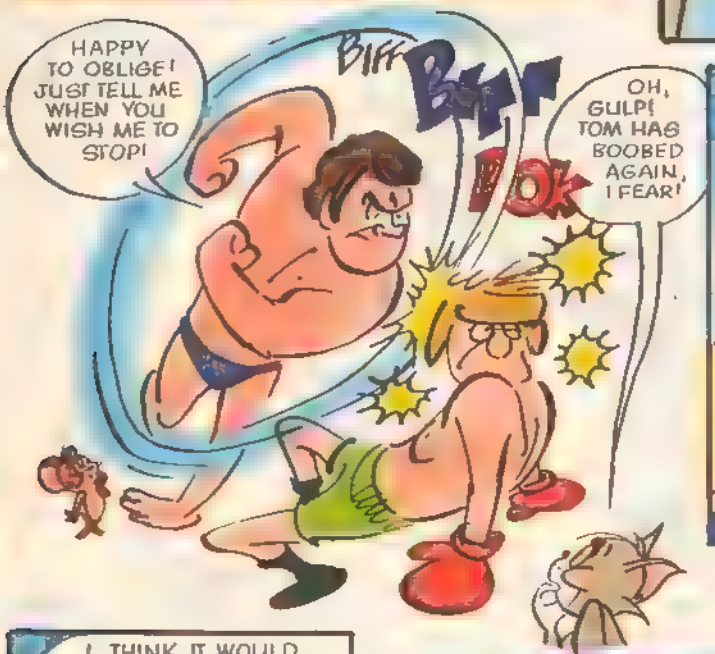
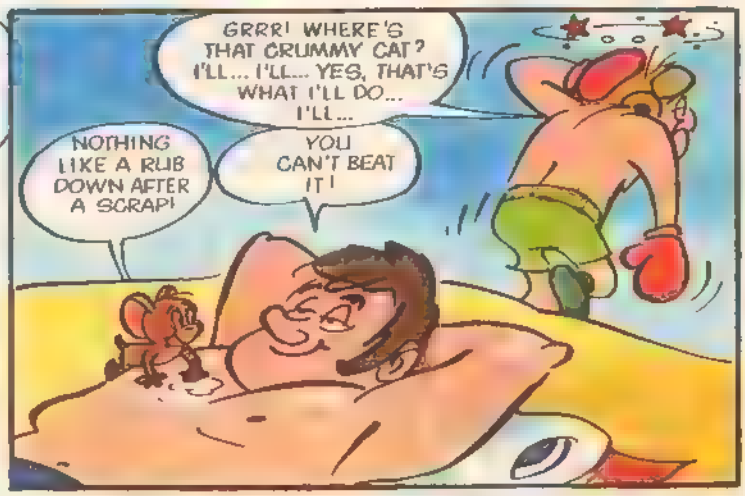

ONE THING ABOUT THIS CAT... HE NEVER GIVES UP! BURBLE!
£5 TO ANYONE WHO CAN STAY 3 ROUNDS WITH THE BATTERSEA BATTERER


I KNOW A BLOKE WHO RECKONS HE CAN BASH THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU . FOR NOTHING!
OH, YEAH! SHOW ME, CAT! JUST SHOW ME!

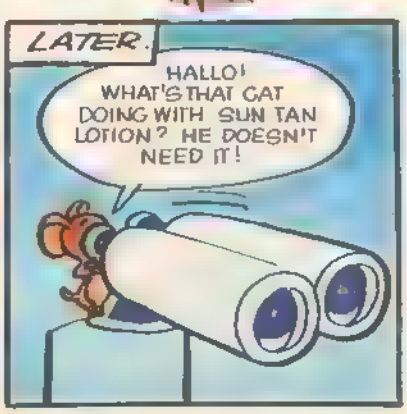

THERE HE IS! THAT'S HIM THERE!
YIKES! WHAT'S TOM UP TO NOW?

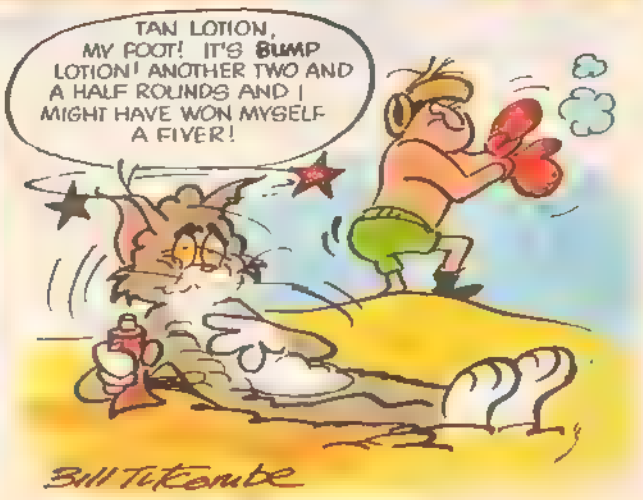

ON YOUR FEET, PUNK! SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO! YEAH! SHOW ME!
HEY!


HAPPY TO OBLIGE! JUST TELL ME WHEN YOU WISH ME TO STOP!
BIFF
BUFF
POK
OH, GULP! TOM HAS BOOBED AGAIN, I FEAR!

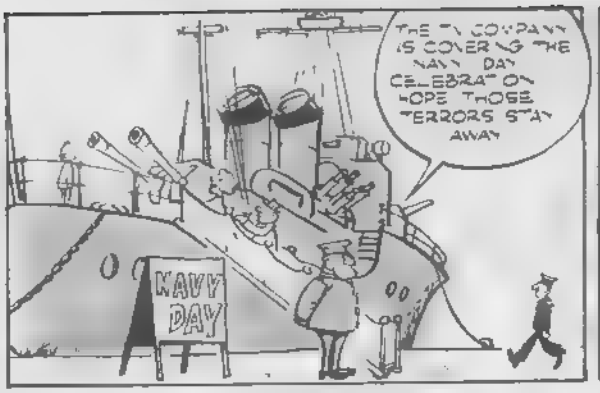

GRRR! WHERE'S THAT CRUMMY CAT? I'LL... I'LL... YES, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO... I'LL...
NOTHING LIKE A RUB DOWN AFTER A SCRAP!
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

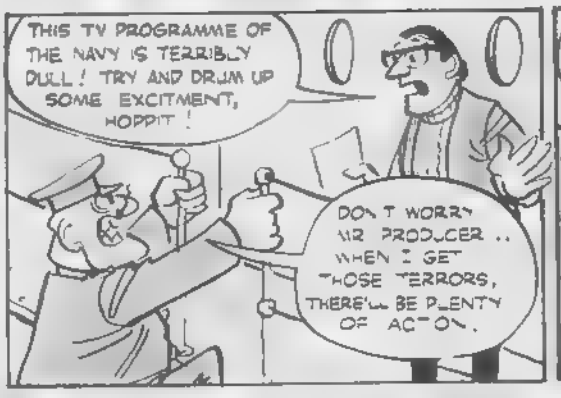
I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF I PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN MYSELF AND THAT PUG! GULP!

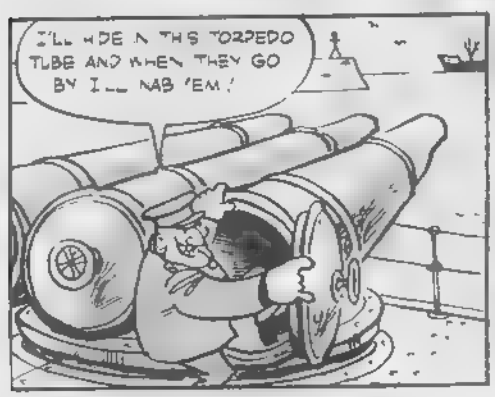

LATER.
HALLO! WHAT'S THAT CAT DOING WITH SUN TAN LOTION? HE DOESN'T NEED IT!

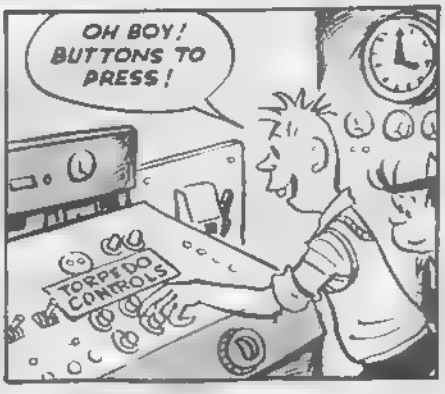

TAN LOTION, MY FOOT! IT'S BUMP LOTION! ANOTHER TWO AND A HALF ROUNDS AND I MIGHT HAVE WON MYSELF A FIVER!
Bill Titcombe

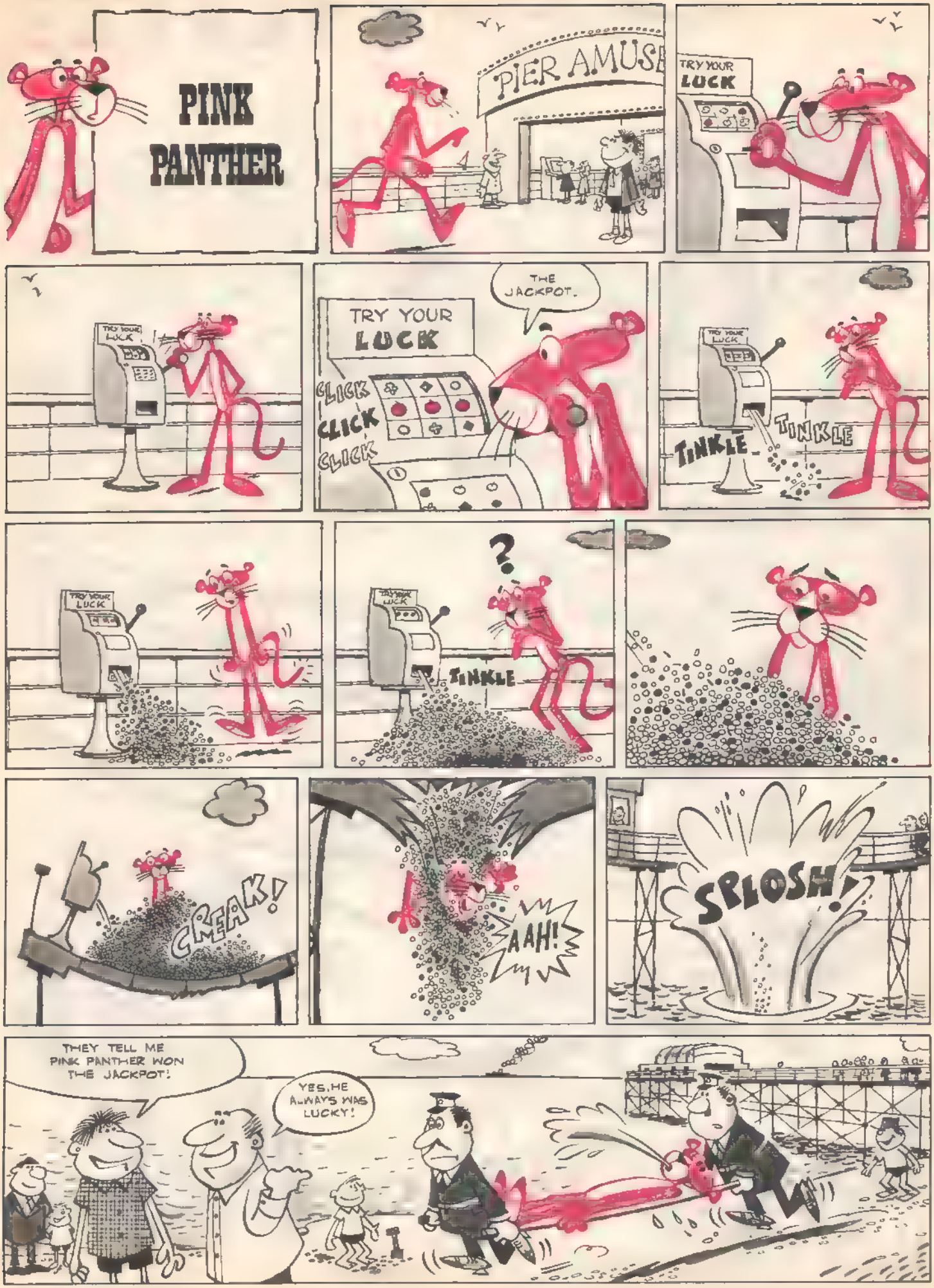
The TV Terrors




THIS TV PROGRAMME OF THE NAVY IS TERRIBLY DULL! TRY AND DRUM UP SOME EXCITMENT, HODDIT!
DON'T WORRY MR PRODUCER.. WHEN I GET THOSE TERRORS, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF ACTION.







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The adventures of Edgar Rice Burroughs' TARZAN

MY SON, TUKU, AND BOY ARE LIKE BROTHERS, TARZAN! THEY ALWAYS HAVE MUCH FUN WHEN THEY GO HUNTING TOGETHER!
CHIEF GOMBO- YOUR SON AND THE BRAT CALLED BOY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED. FILL A CANOE WITH TREASURE AND SEND IT OVER THE WATERFALLS OR THEY'LL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN!
A NOTE IS ATTACHED TO THE KNIFE...
AIEEE! I MUST DO AS THE KIDNAPPERS COMMAND TARZAN! I CANNOT RISK THE LIVES OF THE YOUNG ONES.
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THEM? THEY SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW- WHAT THE?
ZONK!
IT'S NO USE TRYING TO FOLLOW WHOEVER THREW THE KNIFE! HE MUST BE WELL AWAY BY THIS TIME...

SOON ON THE RIVER BANK...
IT'S A STRANGE DEMAND! THE CANOE AND TREASURE WILL BE SUCKED INTO THE WHIRLPOOL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WATERFALLS AND THE KIDNAPPERS WILL GAIN NOTHING!
I'LL GO ALONE, TOO, CHIEF!
THIS IS A BRAVE THING YOU DO, TARZAN, BUT FULL OF PERIL TAKE CARE!
THE CURRENT IS PULLING THE CANOE TOWARDS THE FALLS! I'LL STAY UNDER WATER AND BREATHE THROUGH THIS REED SO THE KIDNAPPERS WON'T SEE ME.

THE TREASURE IS TUMBLING OUT OF THE CANOE! HOW ARE THE KIDNAPPERS GOING TO GET IT FROM THE WHIRLPOOL? I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
SO THAT'S IT! A NET HAS BEEN HUNG OUT FROM A LEDGE BEHIND THE WATERFALL TO CATCH THE TREASURE!

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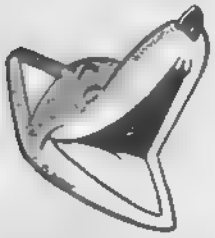
LOOK - THEY'VE SENT SOMEBODY WITH THE TREASURE!
IT'S THAT JUNGLE GUY CALLED TARZAN!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE TWO BOYS, IF YOU'VE HARMED THEM, I'LL MAKE YOU PAY!
BOY AND TUKU ARE BROUGHT OUT FROM THE CAVE...
TARZAN! I KNEW YOU WOULD TRY TO RESCUE TUKU AND ME!
IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU HADN'T TARZAN FOR YOU PUT YOURSELF IN DANGER FOR OUR SAKES!
CUT OUT THE CHATTER AND GET ON THE NET WITH HIM YOU BRATS!
WE CAN TAKE THE TREASURE OUT THROUGH A TUNNEL THAT LEADS BACK TO THE JUNGLE BUT YOU'RE GOING ANOTHER WAY!
YEAH STRAIGHT DOWN! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! WE ARE DOOMED!
WE'LL BE DRAGGED UNDER BY THE WHIRLPOOL!
THEY'RE RELEASING THE CLAMPS ON THE NET! GRIP IT TIGHTLY BOYS!
Jim Baikie
TARZAN QUICKLY CATCHES UP WITH THE ESCAPING KIDNAPPERS AND...
AT LAST...
UUUGH... WE ARE GOING UNDER!
KEEP HOLDING ON BOYS! WITH THE NET JAMMED OVER THIS ROCK, WE CAN CLIMB TO SAFETY!
PHEW! YOU HAVE SAVED US TARZAN!
I DON'T THINK WE NEED TO WASH FOR A WEEK AFTER THAT BATHING TUKU!
YOU TWO GO TO THE VILLAGE! I HAVE ANOTHER JOB TO DO YET!
YOU DID US A GOOD TURN LETTING US HAVE THE NET! NOW YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK WITH THANKS!
AAGH! IT'S TARZAN - HE SURVIVED THE WHIRLPOOL!
IT IS A WONDER TO ME HOW YOU MANAGED TO DISCOVER THE KIDNAPPERS HIDE OUT TARZAN! BUT THAT IS WHY WE CALL YOU 'KING OF THE JUNGLE'!
I'LL TAKE THESE DEVILS TO THE POLICE POST, THEN RETURN TO CONTINUE THE FEAST WE WERE ENJOYING BEFORE WE WERE INTERRUPTED, CHIEF!

BASIL BRUSH



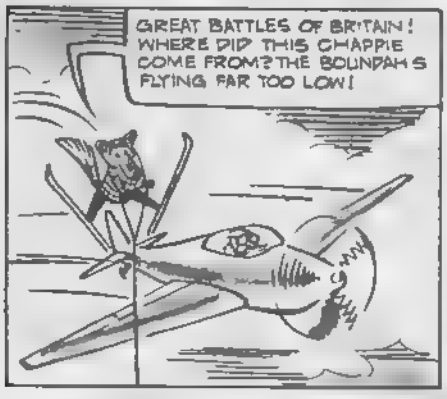
GOSH! THAT CHAP'S GOOD, GUV! MUST 'AVE CLEARED ALL OF A HUNDRED FEET!
PAH! THAT'S NOTHING, CHUMMERS OLD BEAN! NOTHING AT ALL!

COME ALONG, CHUMMERS! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL WATER JUMPING!
BOATS FOR HIRE
GULP! I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS! SOMETHING ALWAYS GOES WRONG WHEN THE GUV'S ON WATER!

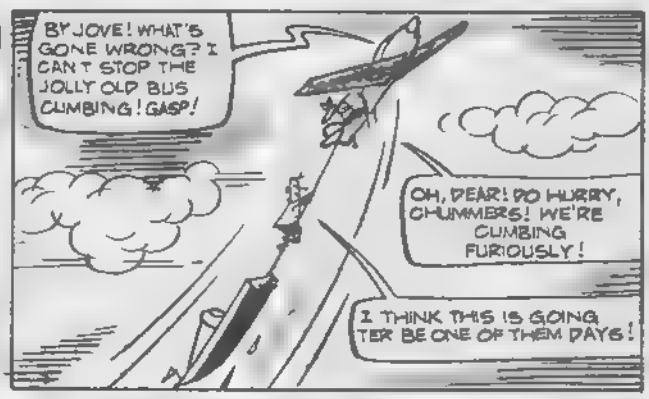
I JUST 'OPES YER KNOW WHAT YER DOING, GUV!
DON'T WORRY, OLD BOY! CONCENTRATE ON YOUR DRIVING AND LET ME HAVE A LITTLE MORE SPEED, PLEASE!

I'M SURE WE'RE GOING TOO FAST! BUT THE GUV'NOR'S THE BOSS!
MOST EXHILARATING!

I FEAR I AM A TRIFLE ON THE HIGH SIDE!
LUVVUS! I KNEW WE WERE GOING TOO FAST! THE GUV'S GAINING HEIGHT INSTEAD OF LENGTH!

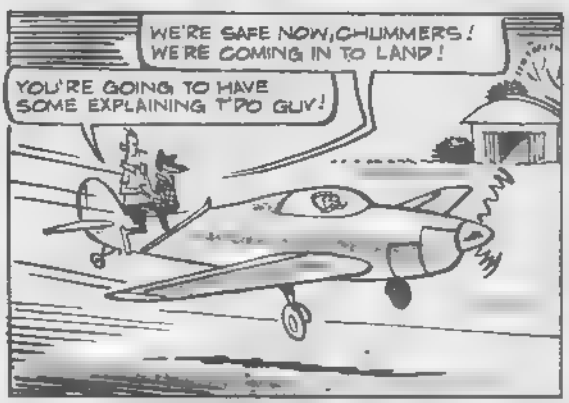

GREAT BATTLES OF BRITAIN! WHERE DID THIS CHAPPIE COME FROM? THE BOUNDAH'S FLYING FAR TOO LOW!

YEEEK! WH-WHAT'S 'APPENING? THE BOAT'S GOING UP!


BY JOVE! WHAT'S GONE WRONG? I CAN'T STOP THE JOLLY OLD BUS CLIMBING! GASP!
OH, DEAR! DO HURRY, CHUMMERS! WE'RE CLIMBING FURIOUSLY!
I THINK THIS IS GOING TER BE ONE OF THEM DAYS!

'ONESTLY, GUV! THIS IS A RIGHT OLD MESS YOU'VE LANDED US IN THIS TIME!
NEVER MIND THAT, OLD PIP! CUT THAT ROPE!

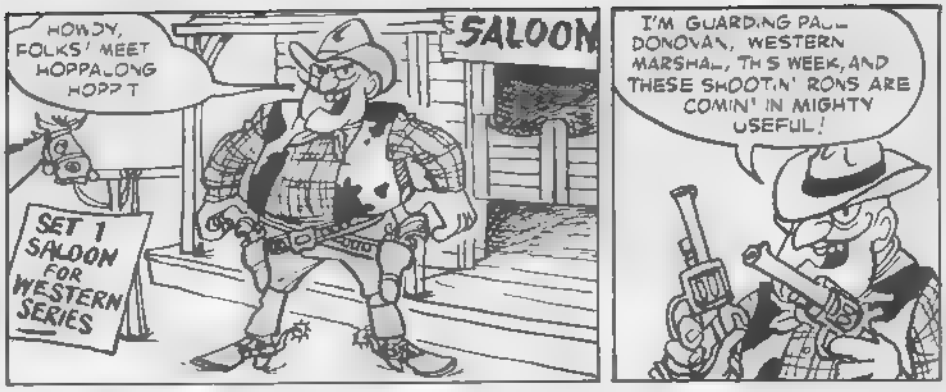
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! WE'RE FLYING STRAIGHT AGAIN! BETTER TAKE THE OLD BUS BACK AND GIVE HER THE OLD ONCE-OVER!
WELL DONE, CHUMMERS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU!
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, GUV!

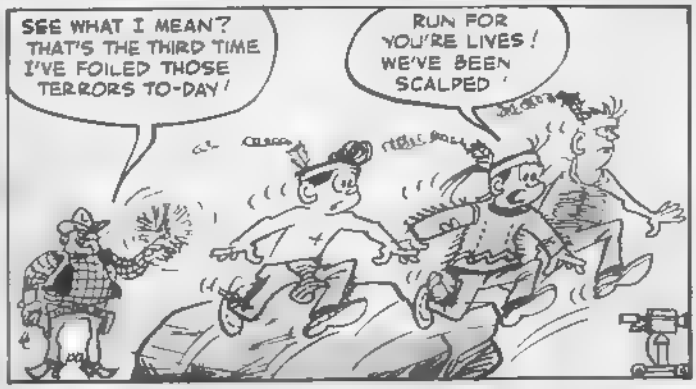

WE'RE SAFE NOW, CHUMMERS! WE'RE COMING IN TO LAND!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME EXPLAINING T'DO GUV!

ER ... I DON'T THINK WE'LL WAIT TO GIVE EXPLANATIONS, CHUMMERS! LET'S GO HOME!
YEEIKES! WH-WHERE DID THEY COME FROM!

WELL, GUV... THAT SURE WAS SOME WATER JUMP! MUST'VE BEEN WELL OVER A HUNDRED MILES! HO-HO!
OH, DO BE QUIET CHUMMERS. THAT'S THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE CRACKED THAT SAME GAG IN THE LAST FIFTEEN MILES!
BRUSH MANOR
106 MILES

The TV Terrors


HOWDY, FOLKS! MEET HOPPALONG HOPPIT
SALOON
SET 1 SALOON FOR WESTERN SERIES
I'M GUARDING PAUL DONOVAN, WESTERN MARSHAL, THIS WEEK, AND THESE SHOOTIN' IRONS ARE COMIN' IN MIGHTY USEFUL!



POPEYE
SPINACH
PLOUGHING CONTEST
ALL COMERS WELCOME
BIG PRIZES
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A TRY, POPEYE? SHOW THOSE YOKELS A THING OR THREE?
NOT ME! I'M A SEAFARIN' MAN! THAT'S STRICKLY FER LAND LUBBERS!
THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT! YOU JUST STEER A STRAIGHT COURSE LIKE YOU DO WITH A SHIP!
IF THAT'S A FACK I'LL HAVE A CRACK!
FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT SPOT UP THERE AND STEER STRAIGHT FOR IT!
O.K. ANYTHING YOU SAY!
S'FUNNY BUT THAT SPOT YER FIXED FER ME SEEMS TO BE MOVIN'!
WHAT'S THE JOKE?
THE MORE YOU LOOK BACK AT IT THE FUNNIER IT SEEMS!
BRUTUS HAS TRICKED ME!
SHUCKS, THE THING I'VE BIN STEERIN' AT IS A STEER!
HAW! HAW!
HAW! HAW! I MADE A FOOL OUTA YOU! FANCY TRYING TO PLOUGH BY FOLLOWING A COW!
WHAM!
MAYBE I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLOUGH BUT I CAN TELL A BULL FROM A COW!
AARH! LOOK AT 'EGO. 'E SURE GOT A NOSE FER THIS GAME. THAT BE THE STRAIGHTEST FURROW SO FAR.
HARD LUCK, OLE MATE. YOUR FRIEND WINS THE PROIZE!
THAT'S O.K. BY ME, MISTER! IT AIN'T NO SKIN ORF MY NOSE.
BUT IT'S SURE PLENTY ORF HIS! ARF! ARF!

King Features Syndicate Inc.

TOM and JERRY
COME ALONG, JERRY! THOMAS IS GOING TO TREAT YOU TO A LITTLE FLIP UP IN THE BLUE!
ER... HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, TOM?
LIKE WHAT?
LIKE A PARACHUTE FOR ME! IT'S BLOWING A GALE AND ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO THE PLANE!
YOU WON'T NEED A PARACHUTE! YOU ARE GOING TO DO SOME FREE FALLING... ONLY YOU'LL KEEP FALLING! YUK! YUK!
FIRST TIME I'VE EVER HAD ANYTHING FREE FROM TOM!
YAYEEEE!
HOWEVER, I SHALL GIVE TOM A FREE BITE! ON THE MOUSE..ER ... HOUSE!
TIME I WAS OFF!
OOH! OOH! AAAGH!
GOING DOWN! GROUND FLOOR, PLEASE!
YIKES! YOU DUMB MOUSE! YOU'VE RELEASED THE PARACHUTE! THAT'S THE RIP CORD!
WELL, YOU KNOW ME... ALWAYS GAME FOR A RIPPING TIME!
?!?
HALLO! LOOKS AS IF TOM IS IN FOR A SAD BLOW! SNIGGER!
YEEAAGH! THAT MOUSE HAS DONE IT AGAIN!
YAH! WINDY!
HELP! HELP!
POOR TOM.. HE TRIES TO MAKE ME COME DOWN WITHOUT A PARACHUTE, AND NOW HE'S GOING UP WITHOUT AN AEROPLANE!

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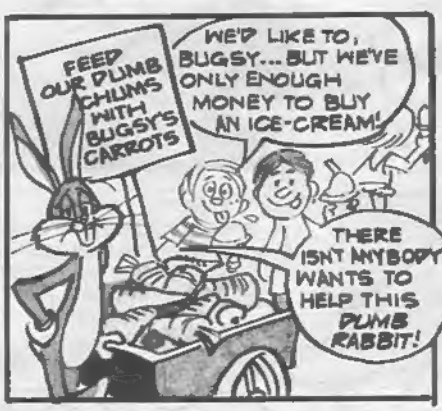
The BUGS BUNNY show

IT'S FROM SMALL STARTS THAT FORTUNES ARE MADE! AND I'LL SHOW THEM I CAN DO IT!
LOVELY FRESH CARROTS
B.B.C. BUGSY'S BEAUTIFUL CARROTS

I THINK DAFFY WAS RIGHT! ALL THE KIDS ARE SPENDING THEIR MONEY ON ICE CREAM!
B.B.C. BUGSY'S BEAUTIFUL CARROTS
ICE CREAM
ROLL UP! LOVELY ICE CREAM!


FEED OUR DUMB CHUMS WITH BUGSY'S CARROTS
WE'D LIKE TO, BUGSY... BUT WE'VE ONLY ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY AN ICE-CREAM!
THERE ISN'T ANYBODY WANTS TO HELP THIS DUMB RABBIT!

SOON BE SOLD OUT AT THIS RATE!
ICE CREAM CARROTS YOU EAT THE ICE THE PONKEYS EAT THE CARROTS
OH BOY! NOW WE CAN FEED THE PONKEYS AS WELL...

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MIGHTY MOTH
IT'S JOLLY QUIET TODAY! I WONDER WHAT DAD'S UP TO?
BOO!
YA!
HA! HA! HA! THAT FOOLED YOU! I'M OFF TO FLY MY KITE IN A COMPETITION!
PHEW!
DAD DOESN'T KNOW I'M FOLLOWING HIM!
I'M SURE TO WIN THE CUP!
GRAND KITE FLYING COMPETITION
SILVER CUP TO THE OWNER OF THE HIGHEST KITE
THE COMPETITION BEGINS...
LATER...
AH! THIS FACE IS FAMILIAR!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? MY KITE'S LOSING HEIGHT!
THAT MADE A TASTY MEAL!
YOU LITTLE ROTTER! MY KITE WAS WINNING!
OH, YOU WANT TO GO HIGH, DO YOU?
HELP!
YOW! I'M FALLING!
'BYE-'BYE, DAD!
A JUDGE
CRASH!
DAD'S GOT THE CUP! HIS WASN'T THE HIGHEST KITE BUT HE WAS THE HIGHEST KITE FLYER! HO! HO! HO!

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